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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



all girls together

FLAT-SHARING REVEALS SOME ODD QUIRKS OF FEMALE CHARACTER

By DOROTHY DRAIN

EVERY time I hear that two female friends who have been sharing a flat have had a "frightful row" and split up I smile sceptically.

"Frightful row," indeed. They have only discovered what should have been a Euclidean axiom—that no two females between the hours of seven and nine a.m. are equal to one another.

Many is the flat I have shared with many a female friend. They were all nice girls, and personally I consider myself a paragon of amiability.

Yet I am sure there were none of them who did not share my sigh of relief when we took up our own gas-meters again.

But frightful rows—no. The things which make it impossible for the average woman to live long in harmony with her own sex are small, but corrosive.

Frank former partners tell me that the corrosive effect of such practices as leaving the dishcloth screwed

up in a ball wear away the steeliest resolutions of tolerance.

Or such habits as leaving taps dripping. Some people can contemplate a dripping tap with equanimity. Others cannot.

They will go on turning them off after you for months, even years.

And one day, with a voice rising to a note of high hysteria, they will say: "If you would ONLY, ONLY ONCE turn the tap off properly when you leave the bathroom and the kitchen . . ."

And that is when your beautiful friendship begins to wear thin. For if you cannot think of something of the same kind to fire back as you slam the front door you are a better woman than I.

If you search for the real cause of the dissolution of most female partnerships you will find a good deal of this kind of thing.

One idyllic self-contained flat

was rent in twain over whether or not to starch tea-towels.

These young women were both of mature age. But one had a mother who starched tea-towels, and one had been brought up to regard the practice as indicating serious mental aberration.

For women, to a great extent, behave in the kitchen according to the dictates of folk-lore. The influence of what their mothers and grandmothers did is as strong as the tribal superstitions of any native race.

Which, indeed, is the real reason why so many husbands get away with being useless about the house.

If a man helps with household chores he soon starts to interfere. Either he wants office routine introduced, or, worse still, that historic spectre of the way his mother did it begins to haunt the home.

These variations in household practice don't matter at first in a female ménage.

But one morning the alarm doesn't go off, or some malevolent supernatural ray descends and causes one to make a remark, a remark which, at a civilised evening hour, would never pass her lips.

Sometimes the problem is more involved, as in the case of Clarice and Priscilla. Clarice was a neat but not gaudy model, Priscilla a raving glamor-girl, with half the Armed Services insane about her.

Clarice had a steady, Herbert, who was normal in every respect except one: that was his belief that his Clarice was a dual reincarnation of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra.

He would never, never believe that Priscilla's callers were really interested in Priscilla. And if they were, he was convinced they would, the way the Armed Services do, bring a friend.

Himself in the Army, he took to going A.W.I. just to check up. At parties he would outstitch the last guest, his gloomy eye roving censoriously over the other men.

Fortunately, Clarice, a sensible girl, realising she would never get a chance to look over anyone else, married him, thus putting an end to what was rapidly becoming an intolerable situation.

A more picturesque case was that of Mabel and Molly, who were practically inseparable until they took a flat together. Both their husbands were at the war, and it seemed a desirable arrangement.

Now Mabel was a normal girl with an angelic disposition. But she had a secret vice. She used to eat in the night.

She had always managed to deceive her husband by telling him that she had forgotten to put out the milk billy, or heard a mouse in the kitchen. In that way she had

managed, undetected, to stow away bits of cheese or oddments from the refrigerator in the early hours of the morning.

After all, it was her lookout if she broke into the breakfast supplies.

Molly was a different proposition. "I was sure," she would say, as she scratched round looking for something to use for the office lunches, "that we had a cold sausage left from last night."

Finally, one night, hearing a clatter in the kitchen, she crept out to investigate.

"It wasn't," she said afterwards, "that I really minded. But I was surprised, you know, to see Mabel standing there in her nightgown scooping baked beans out of a tin with a teaspoon."

"I think she felt it was something between her and her psycho-analyst. Nothing was ever the same again."

Such revelations seldom enliven life with your family, but I know a father of three adult daughters who maintains that women are not suited to gregarious living, even when related.

He has developed an obsession on the subject, and has offered his solution to post-war reconstruction:

"SOME PEOPLE can contemplate a dripping tap with equanimity. Others cannot."

as a housing suggestion.

He says that after close on 30 years he has decided that the only civilised housing for a family of his size is a unit of four self-contained flats.

For many of those years he has listened to arguments on the subject of who really owns the small green umbrella, to accusations of petty larceny in bobbie pins, cold cream, and scarves, and, worst of all, to disputes about bathroom occupation.

"Four flats," he says, dreamily. "They could have dinner with their mother and me sometimes; perhaps on birthdays and at Christmas. They could even have a telephone each, and, by Heaven, a radio each . . ."

"And who," his wife always puts in, "do you think would pay for all this?"

Which always throws an effective spanner in the works.



"SHE HAD a secret vice. She used to eat in the night."

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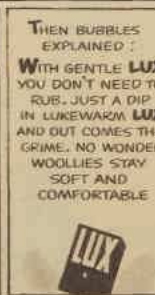


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BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU



THE MAN WHO GETS CINDY

Sparkling romance

By...

FRANCES SHIELDS



"Anything more I can get you?" Jonny asked.

AT seven o'clock on the morning of Matilda's wedding, Cindy came downstairs and found her mother and Maggie weeping gently over the biscuits. The biscuits, nearly a hundred of them, tiny and perfect and as yet innocent of icing, shouted, "Party! Party! To-day's the day!"

Cindy's mother waved her hand over the festive array and broke out afresh.

"I'm losing my little girl," she sobbed.

Maggie, who was homely and thirty-five, was philosophical. "That's life," she said over and over again.

Cindy put an apron on. "Non-sense," she said briskly. "you're not losing her. She's going to live five minutes' walk away from here. And, besides, don't cry over those biscuits. I stayed up until two last night making them. Mother, go up-



stairs and sit with Matilda. She's more nervous than you are. After all, it's her wedding."

Mrs. Brant smiled mistily. "You're a wonderful daughter, Cindy. You'll make some man a wonderful wife. Everything is going to be beautiful, thanks to you, Cindy," she called as she went upstairs.

"Thanks to you, Cindy." That was a remark which popped up in the Brant family with fatuous regularity. When Matilda's young friends mobbed the house for supper, when Mrs. Brant had palpitations before a party, when Mr. Brant needed something typed in a hurry, it was thanks to Cindy that things went smoothly.

Maggie said admiringly, "I've been looking at them little sandwiches you made. Must be hundreds of them. And them dainty biscuits..."

Cindy said rather pointedly, "Please, Maggie, I'm not putting on a show. There's still loads of work to be done. Why don't you go upstairs and straighten up as much as you can, and then come down here and wash those lettuce for the salad?"

Maggie took the hint.

Cindy made long for the biscuits. She sleepily thought that Maggie was beginning to resemble the family. They all had a way of going to pieces, of becoming completely ineffectual at a crucial moment. Strangely, Cindy would not have had them otherwise. She loved them all, she loved their dependence on her.

The galaxy of biscuits, now clad in their Sunday best, glistened up at her.

With rapt concentration she reviewed the arrangements. Flowers

all set out, cloth laid on the buffet table, plates piled, silverware neatly lined up, wedding cake, waiter to come.

At nine-thirty Matilda called tremulously from upstairs: "Cindy, please come up a moment. I need you."

Cindy tore herself away from a satisfied contemplation of the buffet table and ran up. Matilda, in a negligee and blonde, dishevelled hair, threw herself on Cindy.

"Oh, Cindy, Bob's best man has been held up. He missed the early train. But what can you expect from a professor of psychology?"

"I don't expect anything from anybody," Cindy said equably.

"You're so soothing," Matilda sighed. "You never lose your head. Oh, Cindy, I don't know how I'll get along without you."

Cindy felt a little thrill go through her. It was seldom that Matilda was demonstrative. She didn't have to be. Just look at her, thought Cindy.

At ten o'clock Cindy started to dress. She was to be chief bridesmaid, an honor which left her dubious. She would have refused; she felt Matilda should have chosen one of her own friends. After all, Cindy was five years older than the bride. But Matilda's stubbornness about it had won her, and rather pleased her.

"Miss Cindy!" yelled Maggie from the foot of the stairs. "I washed them lettuce. What do I do next?" "Start the punch," said Cindy, wearily tugging at her hair. "I'm trying to dress."

Maggie was aggrieved. "I got to change, too. You don't want me looking like the day of wrath, do you? Telephone, Miss Cindy."

It was Bob on the phone. He didn't sound like a rapturous bridegroom at all; he sounded worried and breathless.

"Cindy, I can't find the ring."

"That's customary, isn't it?" replied Cindy jevelly. "Borrow your mother's ring."

"That was my mother's ring. I didn't have time to buy one, what with the rush to clear up at the shop so we could get away from here for our honeymoon. Cindy, someone will have to meet Jonathan. I can't."

"Who? Oh, the prof. Why can't he take a cab? Is he feeble-minded?"

"I told him I'd meet him."

"All right, so I'm the Travelers' Aid Society. How'll I know him?"

"He's very thoughtful-looking. And he'll probably be wearing striped trousers."

Cindy raced upstairs, saw that her mother was dressed, if still tearful, and Mr. Brant was moodily comforting her. Matilda was enjoying the chirping solicitude of her bridesmaids in her room.

"You all look like dreams, children," Cindy said. "This is going to be a lovely wedding. I hope."

THERE was only one person waiting at the station when Cindy drove up. This was a big man in a brown coat with its collar turned up as if he were trying to hide his identity. The striped trousers protruding elegantly from beneath the casual coat gave him away. He was sitting placidly on a bench reading a thick book. The sight of someone reading on this day of flurry and excitement filled Cindy with unexpected wrath.

"Aren't you the man I'm looking for?" she called.

He jumped and dropped the book. "Am I? Well, I don't mind. Not in the least."

Somehow he was not at all what Cindy had expected. He was quite young and good-looking in a very unorthodox way.

Cindy flushed. She opened the car door. "Come on in. I'm in a hurry to get back before the wedding starts."

He came toward her at an unhurried pace. "Why are you in a

hurry? You're not the bride, are you?" He carefully surveyed her.

"Bob told me she was a red-head." "Bob also must have told you that she was beautiful. So I can't be she, can I?"

He settled companionably down beside her. "Well, you're not a red-head, but you have a lovely inferiority complex."

Cindy started the car, giving it all her attention. Then she asked thoughtfully, "Aren't you young for a professor? You sound anything but academic."

"That's because I'm just an associate professor. Give me a few more years and I'll be talking through my beard. I'm at Shelby, where I met Bob and helped him on the right road. His people wanted him to be a lawyer. He flunked every course and nearly cracked up. Together we found out that what he really wanted to do was run a shop. How's he doing?"

"Best business in Hammington," admitted Cindy.

"See? Now about yourself. Why did you tell me first shot out of the box that you weren't good-looking?"

"Listen," said Cindy patiently. "I haven't had any breakfast and I'm very tired. I'm not in the mood for psycho-analysis or vocational guidance."

"You're certainly the tensest person I've ever met. Relax. What makes you so tense?"

"Well, how would a dithering household and one hundred biscuits affect you?"

"I never ate so many."

"I didn't eat them. I made them."

"Why?"

"Well, someone has to look after the details. I'm the capable one, so I look after them."

"We're getting somewhere. So you fancy yourself as the capable one."

"We're getting nowhere but home," said Cindy, increasing her speed a little. "Good gracious, there's Bob on his front doorstep."

Bob looked, even for a bridegroom, extraordinarily flustered. He was going through his pockets with the dubious air of a man who has made a fruitless inventory of their contents many times before. His face suddenly relaxed as he caught sight of them.

"Thank goodness," he said fer-

vently. "Jonny, do you happen to have a wedding-ring on you?" "He depends on me for everything," Jonathan said modestly to Cindy. "Have you felt the lining of your coat?"

"I've looked everywhere. I could have sworn I put it somewhere in these clothes."

"Stop walking round, Bob," Cindy said. "Save your strength for the last mile. Look, you're limping already."

Jonathan said, "I thought it would be somewhere new and different. Try your shoes."

Bob clapped a hand to his forehead. "That's why I'm limping!" Cindy giggled suddenly. "What a team! Imagine anyone round here being able to think to-day!"

The professor bowed. "That, coming from a capable young lady, is something."

He was staring directly into her face.

"I wish," she said, "you'd stop probing for a moment."

"I wasn't probing. I was just wondering why you said..."

"Let's go on home before I have my soul exposed," Cindy interrupted. The house, which had been almost empty when she left it, hummed and bubbled with people.

Cindy was aware all at once of being completely exhausted. The people she nodded to had a distant look; they were beginning to merge into a bright, misty mass. Cindy found a wall to lean on.

The associate professor spotted her with his probing eye. She wished he would go away and allow her a moment for recuperation; she was feeling very queer. But instead he took her hand and drew her away from the kindly support of the wall.

He said, "You look as if you were going to swoon any minute. You ought to have some milk or something. I never saw a girl worry so much about everything but herself. Do you want to faint at the wedding?"

"It would be sensational," Cindy said, "but the milk is a good idea."

He smiled at her. "Thank you. Look, beautiful, why don't you go upstairs and comb your hair?"

Cindy choked slightly. "You needn't become sarcastic," she said. It was the first time anyone had called her beautiful.

"I'm not," he said. "Drink your milk, and remember I'm standing by. After all, the best man and the chief bridesmaid are supposed to share responsibilities at a wedding." And he smiled all over his nice, irregular face. It gave his face an altogether new look and sparkle. Cindy found herself, much to her amazement, smiling back.

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DANCE NIGHT

By I. A. R. WYLIE

FROM where he sat, dangling his naked feet over the gunwale of the landing-barge, Private James Anson had watched the New England island come out of the morning mist. Now he could make out a town, sprawled along the water's edge, like a cat in the sun.

The white houses and the thick, green trees and the church spire thrust up quaintly alongside the masts of a fishing schooner made him think of the picture postcards he sent home.

"Pretty," Bob Peters said. He stood beside Jimmy, his signal flag limp at his side, waiting for the sergeant's orders.

Jimmy said, "Sure." He was glad that this was only what Bob called a "pre-view." Their boat and the exactly spaced craft behind it didn't have to blow up all that green and whiteness. And the trees and little houses didn't hide men waiting to blow them up, either. But he didn't say any of this to Bob. It might have sounded as though he were scared.

He twitched his shoulders uneasily. He'd been stupid enough to strip off his shirt. The salt wind and the sun had made even his toughened skin feel flayed.

One of the small cat-boats, scudding over the smooth water like white-winged butterflies, tacked and came up alongside. A girl was at the wheel, her fair hair streaming in the wind, her eyes shining. She waved and the boy beside her tossed over a packet of cigarettes and gave a gay, exaggerated salute.

Privates James Anson and Bob Peters waved back politely.

"Pretty," Bob said.

"You bet."

"There'll be more like that," Bob said. "It's one of those summer holiday places, just swarming with pretty girls. Maybe they'll throw a party for us."

Private Anson shifted nearer the square-cut prow of the old duck.

"O.K. by me," he said.

The Services Club had its headquarters on the main street. Last year's summer guests had subscribed for the ping-pong table and the easy chairs. Almost any time, looking through the window you could see a

sailor or soldier dutifully patting the ball back to the girl in charge. And there'd be someone in uniform at the writing desk. But at noon the committee had the place to itself.

Mrs. Arnold Struthers, representing the summer guests, sat next to Mrs. Holmes, who was a resident and very properly the chairman. The residents didn't really like the summer guests, and the summer guests knew it and felt apologetic, and were almost too anxious not to seem pushing and offensive.

On the other hand, the residents were slow and not very imaginative, and something had to be done quickly. At that very moment hundreds of sea-borne soldiers were swarming ashore to their forlorn camp. Mrs. Struthers couldn't sleep at night thinking about the soldiers and their forlornness.

"The yacht club has allotted us its dance night," she said, "and Colonel Frank has promised us at least a hundred men. And I've got the Beach Busters to play for us. Heaven knows," she added gaily, "we've plenty of pretty girls."

There were summer girls, sleek and brown as young leopards, and nice sober island girls. And girls not so nice. But they could be dealt with. Mrs. Holmes, who knew every one, could just say she was so sorry, but there wasn't a ticket left.

"We old folk," Mrs. Struthers said, "should keep well in the background—there to help, of course, but not," she smiled archly, "to frighten them. And, of course, Miss Froebie must make her famous cookies for us."

That was an inspiration. Because Miss Froebie was a problem. She was the last of the island's wealthy families. She had to be given something. And she was very old.

Now she looked up quickly at Mrs. Struthers. It might be that she was smiling. Of course, she would be glad to make the cookies. It was nice, at her age, to be able to help at all.

Miss Froebie walked slowly along the waterfront to the square, white house that had been built by her grandfather in the great whaling days. She was eighty years old. So she'd been almost sixty in the last war and they'd said: "It's too bad, Miss Froebie. But you see, they've set an age-limit." So she had made cookies.



"Oughtn't you to be down there at the club, having a good time?" she asked.

Her tiny feet, stumbled a little. War was terrible. But if it had to be, the saddest thing of all was to stand on the river banks and watch uselessly as the great stream of action flowed by.

Miss Froebie stopped for a moment to get her breath and to look out over the harbor. The strange craft were like prehistoric monsters, plunging through the smooth waters. The instruments of destruction clung to them. Behind them was the same shining youth. "Golden lads," Shakespeare had called them.

It had hurt Miss Froebie to think that she was so old that she might frighten one of them. She took her handkerchief from where she carried it, tucked in her belt, and waved. After all, at that distance, they couldn't see that it was an old woman waving to them.

The Beach Busters played "Coming in on a wing." The girl dancing with Private James Anson smiled up at him.

"You haven't danced much lately," she said. "One can always tell—"

"Yeah—I guess I'm out of practice."

He tried some fancy steps. And the girl stopped and drew herself gently but firmly free.

"I guess I'll go and powder my nose. Rosey over there'd love to take a whirl."

But he ducked out of a side door. He knew how Rosey would feel about it. And he couldn't even tell the truth. It'd sound silly. Kids like that couldn't understand. He saw Bob barging round with a little blonde and grinning as though he were having a good time.

The night air felt good. Private Anson walked up the dark street, away from the music and deeper and deeper into a stillness that made him think of the cool water of a stream he'd bathed in at home on hot summer days. The white houses had closed their eyes. They were asleep—or maybe dead. It startled him when someone standing palely by the fence, spoke to him.

There was enough starlight for him to see her. And the moment's scare died out.

"Good evening, soldier."

"Good evening, ma'am." He stood still, relaxed and breathing easily. The voice had sounded like an old cracked fiddle. "It's a pretty night," he said, "with all the stars."

"Oughtn't you to be down there at the club," the old voice asked, "having a good time?"

He grinned.

"I've been having it."

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GRUDGE FLIGHT

By...
HARRY SYLVESTER

Fate gave him the chance to serve his country in his own way.

HE was a man with an obsession—flying. It had come to take the place of wife, family, and religion. His eyes were not too good, he was not young, nor had he a good record, his licence having been twice suspended.

For these reasons, as well as for others more incidental, he had been refused admission to the Air Corps and to do such work as ferrying bombers or instructing.

The reasons for this were good reasons, he was thinking as he stood in the fishermen's bar in a Florida gulf coast town, but it still rankled.

He could see the harbor with the sun on it, and a few small boats, with here and there a seaplane. Among the planes, Tarrant's own looked like some awkward bird. It had water in one pontoon and listed to the right.

"Hello," the man in the white suit said laughingly, easing toward Tarrant along the bar. "Your plane looks like a lame duck."

"It needs pumping out, that's all," Tarrant said ungraciously. The man in the white suit, who was a stranger, had much hard fat on him, and Tarrant did not like him, but wondered vaguely how he knew it was his plane.

Tarrant turned slightly away. "Charles P. Tarrant," the man said, looking reflectively over the mirror in the back of the bar. "A fine name in American aviation. I was talking only the other day to one of the men in your club, you know—the Quiet Birdmen, no?—and he was saying he would rather fly with you drunk than with most pilots sober. Quite a compliment."

"That was nice of him, wasn't it?" Tarrant replied, still ungraciously.

"A great name in American aviation, all right," the fat man said, and paused. In the pause Tarrant thought what his colder moments through many bad years had taught him was true: that it wasn't a great name in aviation, but it might have been, even should have been.

The fat man said: "I am surprised you are not engaged in some way in the war effort."

Suspicion and anger stirred in Tarrant, then his own feeling of injustice made him more gracious. "I guess they know what they're doing, even if I don't like it."

"That, too, is debatable," the man said, and stopped. "I forgot to tell you my name, Glick. J. G. Glick." He put out his large hand and Tarrant reluctantly shook it.

"Is your plane in shape to fly?" Mr. Glick said.

"Except for needing that pontoon pumped out and one or two little things."

"And when that is done you could take me and my companion to—our destination?"

"Where would that be?" Tarrant said.

"But surely it doesn't matter to the Tarrant who made the nonstop flights around—" Mr. Glick said, somewhat unctuously.

"It matters this much—that I can't take you any place that the plane will not fly with its gas load. I have an auxiliary tank, but it would take hours to mount that and—"

"Not necessary," Mr. Glick said. "Not necessary at all. To Cape Sable and back is easy for a plane like yours."

"Cape Sable is easy, but what do you want down there? This time of year even the alligator hunters—And among other things it happens to be against the law to fly a private plane now."

"But it doesn't really matter now, does it? Not to Tarrant?"

"No," Tarrant said slowly, "it doesn't really matter. So long as we're not breaking too much of the law."

"Oh, on the contrary," Mr. Glick said. "Quite the opposite. It is more of a humanitarian mission than anything else. I am taking a doctor down to friends of mine who



"Well," said the German, gripping his revolver, "we will see who breaks first."

have been injured—that is to say, who are ill on a boat there. And how much would such a trip cost?"

Ordinarily and done legally in peacetime, such a flight would be worth not much more than two hundred dollars. Now, Tarrant was going to say four hundred, but when he spoke he said: "Six hundred."

"That is satisfactory," Mr. Glick said. "There might even be an opportunity to make still more money."

"And then, of course, there is the matter of gasoline," Tarrant said, almost softly. He was certain that Mr. Glick would take care of the gasoline.

And again Mr. Glick held up his hand. "I am in the filling-station business. Or anyhow"—he chuckled—"my friends are. If you would leave your plane alone for a little while after dark, I am sure the tanks would be filled when you returned."

AT half-past two in the morning Tarrant was aboard his plane for the second time since meeting Mr. Glick. He had worked on it all afternoon, and then had gone ashore for supper. Now, returning to the plane, he brought with him a suitcase filled with his few belongings. It was quite possible, even likely, he knew, that he either would not or could not return to his own country after the illegal flight.

He saw before he heard the rowboat approaching the plane. Mr. Glick was rowing it, and in the stern sat a huddled figure who carried, as Tarrant helped him aboard the plane, a doctor's bag. Tarrant recognized him as a Dr. Cawthorn, who lived alone in a bungalow on the edge of town and did not practise.

Mr. Glick stayed in the rowboat and said, "Ah," in a kind of booming

whisper. "Everything ready, no? I like efficiency. You found the gas in the tanks as I said it would be, no?"

"It was there," Tarrant said. "And now, if you will pass me a rope," Mr. Glick said, "I will row us out of the harbor."

It was a good half-hour before they were well clear of the harbor, and Mr. Glick came aboard the plane and cast the rowboat adrift.

"Do you know my friend Dr. Cawthorn?" Mr. Glick said. "Hello," Tarrant said. Neither he nor Cawthorn offered to shake hands. He felt pity and a little scorn for the doctor, so obviously frightened. Tarrant turned away and started the motor.

The fat man kept looking out through the windshield of the plane to where, ahead of them, Cape Sable lay, a blunt wilderness. "You could start to circle down just south of the tip," Mr. Glick said.

Tarrant put the plane in a long, curving glide. When they were resting on the water he looked round and could see nothing but mangroves near the shore, and here and there a spit of sand. Mr. Glick had half risen. They both saw it together, a stub of wood. Stuck in the water near the shore, and pointed toward mangroves: "I guess there we are," Mr. Glick said.

Peeling the tautness grew in him, Tarrant nosed in toward the mangroves, taxiing slowly. It was awkward work, and Tarrant did not realize how tense he had become until they rounded a bend and he saw what he had come finally to know they would see. It was a relief at last to see the submarine, even with the riflemen on it and the machine-gun trained on the plane.

Mr. Glick had opened a window and was leaning out of it, waving an arm furiously and screaming joy-

fully in German. The men on the boat lowered their rifles and one, an officer, waved back as he stepped from behind the conning tower, a heavy automatic in his hand.

Tarrant brought the plane slowly up to the boat and as close to it as he could. Mr. Glick had stepped out on the wing and thrown a mooring rope to one of the men on the sub. Tarrant followed him on to the wing and then remembered the doctor because he could hear the man's almost anguished breathing behind them. It was curious, Tarrant thought, the way he and Mr. Glick had consistently forgotten about the doctor throughout the trip.

Tarrant helped the man out along the wing and the officer helped him on to the rounded deck of the boat. Tarrant following. The officer looked at Tarrant curiously and spoke to Mr. Glick in German.

"But I cannot fly," Mr. Glick said in English. "I had to get someone and I was most fortunate in that. Mr. Tarrant here is one of the great American aviators, but one who feels as we do."

Anger, cold but shockingly brief, came and passed in Tarrant. The officer smiled and extended his hand. "Herr Oberleutnant Siefel," Mr. Glick was saying, "this is Charles P. Tarrant."

"Glad to see you," the lieutenant said in good English. "I am surprised and pleased to find that you are sympathetic to our cause."

Tarrant shrugged slowly and smiled with his mouth. Out of the edge of one eye he could see Mr. Glick watching him, and so Tarrant said, "I know where I am wanted and where I am not wanted."

Fear had always been so foreign to Tarrant that now he had trouble recognizing it and giving it a name. And if I said I was not sympathetic?

he thought. Mr. Glick had tricked him all right. He began to see why the doctor was so very frightened. And yet something had given Mr. Glick the idea that he, Tarrant, would be sympathetic to Mr. Glick's cause. Something like amazement was on Tarrant as he recalled the many times he had expressed his own discontent along the waterfront of the Florida gulf coast towns.

The lieutenant was saying, "One of your, or should I say one of their patrol boats almost got us the other day with depth charges. Some of our men were rather badly shaken up, and I thought that while we were making repairs here I would have a doctor look them over. So we got in touch, via short wave, with our good friend ashore here, Mr. Glick." He smiled, and Tarrant smiled thinly back.

Mr. Glick said, "But I was never a person to kill one bird with a stone where I could kill two." He laughed, pleased with himself.

"You will notice, Herr Oberleutnant, that I brought the doctor here in a fairly heavy plane, and with a very special pilot." They both laughed quietly and Tarrant continued to smile.

"If you'll make yourself comfortable, Mr. Tarrant," the lieutenant said, "I'll see that you have some breakfast. But first I want the doctor to visit my sick bay." Watching, Tarrant saw that the doctor had to be helped down the conning tower, but Tarrant's scorn of the doctor had decreased.

THEY sat on the little folding chairs in the warm sun, and Mr. Glick said, "I was right about you. I know people. A man like you could go a long way with us. Money, position, later on." Tarrant was silent, and Mr. Glick said, "And even if you were not entirely sympathetic, I know you are discontented enough with things here in your own country to be of partial service to us—and yourself." "How would that be?" Tarrant said.

Mr. Glick held up a coy finger and winked past it. "We shall see presently. It is enough now to know that you could earn, say"—he paused as though assessing Tarrant more exactly and Tarrant's price—"a thousand dollars, and do no particular harm to anyone—unless you wanted to."

"A thousand dollars is always nice," Tarrant said.

The lieutenant rejoined them alone, but followed by a seaman with a tray of food.

"Some of my men were badly shaken up. Shock and so on. A few concussions, where they were thrown against walls. And we just did manage to limp in here. But we are almost ready to go again." He smiled at Tarrant. "We are a very ingenious race, you can appreciate us more than most Americans. I have just remembered who you are, Mr. Tarrant. That destroyer device. And some of the first stream-lining. I am amazed they have not found a use for you here."

Tarrant shrugged and the lieutenant said, "Now with us—" and paused. "Help yourself to food, Mr. Tarrant. Rather rough fare, but we are a rough race." Tarrant ate slowly, resenting the German that the lieutenant and Mr. Glick exchanged their next remarks in.

"You know, Tarrant," Mr. Glick said in English, "I have had my eye on you for some time; on you and your plane. It could be easily used for bombing."

"There are no racks or bomb sights," Tarrant said, after a slight hesitation. Again the coldness passed over him.

"Not necessary," Mr. Glick said. "Not necessary at all for our purposes. So, lieutenant?"

"We could weld improvised racks in place in just a few hours, and string wires so that they could be operated manually."

"What is it you want me to do?" Tarrant said, finally and slowly.

Mr. Glick leaned closer, as if the need for secrecy still existed. "A little bombing," he said. "A little indiscriminate bombing."

"Where?" Tarrant asked. The coldness passed again.

Please turn to page 20

*The World's
Loveliest Women
guard their beauty
with Pond's
Two Creams*



Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, outstanding American beauty. When she walks into one of New York's exclusive restaurants, people turn to gaze admiringly at her blonde loveliness. She says: "The use of Pond's creams has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."



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LOVELY BUNDY PECKHAM is suspected of murdering her grandfather, wealthy **TOM PECKHAM**. **LIEUTENANT BILL FRENCH**, staying with his aunt, **MRS. HARRISON PAIGE**, tries to help her, assisted by **STEVE JAMES**.

They suspect that **CORINNE**, Peckham's widow, stole money and bonds from him with the help of **ALBERT SINCLAIR**. Sinclair disappears, and through Bill's work his murdered body is found buried in his garage. Bill is also watching **JASON TOLLMAN** and his colored servant, **ANDREW**, and Mrs. Paige's friend, **MRS. ABBY GILLAM**.

Mrs. Gillam's little dog becomes suddenly terrified at walking near thick shrubbery. Returning to search the spot, Bill finds a fountain-pen which Bundy identifies as her grandfather's. The next afternoon Bundy telephones Bill, but breaks off with a scream.

Now read on—

BILL stood for a minute after frantically jiggling the telephone bar with no response. He couldn't move. The extremity of Bundy's fear had whipped over the wire and frozen him.

Then he sat down, grasped the telephone, and dialled the Peckham number. He could hear the bell ringing and ringing. After ten times he hung up.

Should he call the police? But what could he tell them? Someone should act, and act fast. He knew that calls could not be traced on these dial phones after the party had hung up. He'd tried that before. It was mechanically impossible.

For a moment he slid his hands over his face, shaking his head as if to fling off the fear that gripped him. Then he stood up and took his slippers out of the hall closet.

Mrs. Paige came out of her room. "William, you are not going out in this storm. You're sick."

He faced her. She'd never seen his flinty, official aspect before. Now it performed the miracle of silencing her.

"I am going to the Peckham house. If I'm not back or haven't called you by six o'clock call the police. But not before."

He strode out, leaving her awed. He made the distance to the Peckham house in a breathless space of time. It was sheer luck that he met nobody at the corners where he sped over the yellow stop signs set into the paving.

For a moment after he stopped the car he paused. It was almost black under the Peckhams' great banyan tree. The grey muscles of its trunk, writhing together upward, seemed to symbolise the many evil threads of this horrible affair.

He flung off the spell and crawled out of his car. The house was closed, rain encased, asleep. The bell he pushed rang again and again, unheeded. Was someone there who couldn't hear it? Someone lying beside the telephone?

He plunged through the wet grass to the back door, covered by a vine-hung trellis. From his pocket he took a ringful of keys. In a matter of seconds the door was open.

He went through the house with the speed of a cyclone, calling, listening, searching. In two minutes he knew nobody was there. Nor was anyone likely to have been there. He saw no evidence of a struggle such as must have ensued after Bundy had been pulled from the telephone.

He made a trip to the garage. The

MURDER IN TOW



"Is anything wrong? Mr. James looks sick," Mrs. Gillam said, staring down at Steve.

car was there, but no person, dead or alive, was near it.

Returning to the house, he began calling the series of numbers Steve had given him. A tiny lunch-room. A hamburger stand. A printing shop. In none of these could Steve be located. The last number was Steve's flat. Bill hadn't the address.

He heard the bell ring and ring. He was sick of bells ringing without answers. He gritted his teeth. Let it go on. At the sixteenth peal, to his amazement, the receiver was lifted. Somebody mumbled drunkenly. Bill shouted: "Who is it? Who's there? Steve, that you?"

Steve's voice, still fuzzy, said: "Whoat? French? What you want? I was asleep."

"Asleep?" Bill was outraged. "I'm sick, French. Sicker'n a dog. Somethin' ate for lunch. Just made it here in time. Passed out cold. Woke up on floor."

"Oh, stop talking, for heaven's sake," Bill roared. "You fool, Bundy has disappeared."

"D i s p e a r e d?" Steve repeated it, and then seemed to wake up with a crash. "What's that? Bundy? Gone? How do you know?"

"She called me. Look, Steve. When did you see her last?"

"Why—good lord—I had lunch with her." His high voice cracked. A breathless gasping came over the wire as if some giant had been racing. Could Steve be breathing so loudly?

"Out that, Steve. Don't go to pieces. We've got to find her. Fast. Where did you leave her after lunch?"

"Leave her? Bundy? Tell me what happened," Steve screamed.

Bill repeated his question ragingly. Steve answered in the dazed, distracted tone of paralysing fear. "On—on Fourth Street. Near Twelfth. She was going to buy something in that drugstore. Powder. And walk down to her Red Cross class."

Bill set his teeth. Why did all this have to happen when both he and Steve were incapacitated? He tried to get a grip on himself. "Did she go into the drugstore before you drove off?"

"Wait. No. No, but she wasn't thirty feet away and going right for the door. What could have happened to her right there in the heart of town? Dozens of people about. The Red Cross building only two blocks down the street." Steve was working up that awful breathless gasping again.

Bill was struck by a new possibility. "Look, where did you have lunch, Steve?"

"Lunch? Oh. Some funny new little joint. A sort of teasop. On Fifth Avenue. Or Seventh."

"Think. Think, you idiot!" Bill almost wept. "You must know where it was. What was the name? I'll find it."

"I don't know the name. I think there was just a house number on the window. It was a new place, just starting. Someone asked me to eat there. Help the people get a start."

"Who asked you?" Steve groaned. "French, I feel so sick. I know I'm not being helpful. I can't seem to think. I've been drugged or poisoned or something." That violent, exaggerated panting still vibrated through every word Steve uttered. He seemed about to have a stroke or a fit.

"Steve, forget yourself. Keep your mind on Bundy. Who recommended this place to you?"

"I'm trying to think. Mrs. Peckham or Mrs. Paige, or some woman. But, French, I didn't leave Bundy there or near it."

Steve was becoming more normal.

telephone number, urged them to locate the house. Investigate. Fast.

The brisk, youngish voice that answered asked Bill to hold the wire. He could be heard leaving orders.

"Lieutenant French? Are you still there at Peckham's?"

Bill said yes. He was rather surprised. He hadn't mentioned where he was.

"Your aunt, Mrs. Paige, called us. She was worried about you. A scout car is on the way to you."

Bill saw it was a quarter past six. He apologised.

"That's okay. Will you tell the men to proceed to that drugstore on Twelfth and try to find out if Miss Peckham reached there? And we're calling the hospitals."

"Thanks. But you won't find her there. Somebody's got her," Bill said despairingly.

"We'll do our best." After hanging up, Bill called Mrs. Paige and said, "You'll be all right. I'm going to be busy for a long time. Mrs. Gillam with you?"

"No. She called a while ago to say she was eating at Simpson's and going to a movie."

"What movie?" "Heavens, I don't know. What does it matter?"

"I want to get hold of her to ask if Bundy went to that Red Cross class she attended this afternoon."

"William, is Bundy—all right?" "No, she isn't."

"Oh, you don't mean she's—she's—"

"We can't find her, Aunt Olive. Don't stop me, for the love of heaven. I'll tell you about it later. Don't wait dinner. I don't know when I'll be in." He hung up in the midst of her protests.

It was twenty-six minutes to seven. Where was Mrs. Peckham? Why didn't she come home so that Bill could ask her in what clothes Bundy had left the house? Why hadn't he made Steve snap out of his panic and remember the exact location of that lunch-room? That sounded peculiar. Especially after his experience with Mrs. Warner.

Suppose Steve and Bundy had been persuaded to eat in an obscure place where they could be poisoned. A vacant room could have been furnished temporarily with a few tables and chairs for the purpose.

The food could have been merely doped for Steve and really poisoned for Bundy. Suppose someone had trailed Steve's car until Bundy left it and had then trailed her until she collapsed. The person could have come forward in the guise of a good Samaritan to take charge of the stricken girl. It made Bill squirm as these thoughts raced furiously through his mind.

He heard the whine of a police siren coming and went out to meet the car, embarrassed and annoyed at himself. He passed on the message about the drugstore. It was well known to the men. The car roared off, taking with it a small amount of the responsibility Bill had felt crushing him.

Bill went in to call the police again. Had they located Stephen James' residence? Yes, they had. A squad car had been despatched to look into the matter.

Dozens of Miss Peckham's friends were being called. The hospitals were being searched. The radio stations were broadcasting requests for citizens to spread the news. She might have been picked up, unconscious, or might have been seen struggling with a possible captor.

Bill scribbled down Stephen James' address. As he hung up the click of the dropping phone was like an explosion. A dreadful idea turned him to ice.

He could feel numbness creeping down from his brain. The room swam slowly round and round. He slid off the chair and lay crumpled on the floor. The only sounds were the rain and the clock.

Bill stubbornly fought his way back to consciousness. He had lighted a lamp after retreating to the house. By its soft light he saw he was alone. Nobody had knocked him out. He'd agonisingly fainted.

He pulled himself up. Sat in the chair by the telephone. Held on to the table while the room rocked. What could he do, feeling like this? Then he remembered the idea. The one that had knocked him out. He had to go on.

Grasping the telephone, he dialled his aunt, asked for Hod. The big colored boy had taken an immediate fancy to Bill. He felt he could trust him. He had to trust him. Hod assented eagerly. You bet he could drive the lieutenant's coupe. Just aching to get his hands on it. He'd be there in two shakes.

It wasn't much longer than that that he appeared in the Warner car. He grinned as he slid behind the wheel of the coupe, and let it leap softly forward like a sleek tiger.

It wasn't far to Steve's flat with Hod at the wheel. Just over the railroad tracks and turn left to the middle of the block. Four flats in a sorry one-story structure. Steve lived in the right-hand rear. A horrid little place. Dark. Cheap. Furnished shabbily. Four lean-to garages covered with vines.

Please turn to page 14

By Christopher Hale

His desire to help was overcoming his personal distress.

Bill plunked on. "When did you first feel sick?"

"As soon as I'd finished lunch. I kept feeling worse as I drove down town."

"Did Bundy seem to be sick?" "No. But she didn't have the same food as I did. Maybe it was just my lunch that was bad. What happened? Did she call you?"

"Yes, but she was stopped from telephoning."

"Maybe she fainted."

"No." Bill tingled with impatience. They were wasting time criminally. It wasn't necessary to explain it all to Steve until he had told the police.

"Steve, I'll call the police and—Steve, are you there?" Bill could hear sounds of grunting, groans, half-muffled shouts, and the crashing of furniture. Then an ear-splitting crash announced that the telephone had been dropped on its holder.

Bill banged down his own instrument, dashed to the door, and stopped dead. Where was he going? Somebody had got Steve. That seemed all too certain. But where did Steve live? Bill hadn't the faintest idea.

He jumped back to the telephone, began again the exasperating business of calling Steve's list of numbers. The girl who answered first was a vague, stupid creature. She was new, she explained. Had no idea where Mr. James lived.

Bill saw that would be a waste of time. He dialled the police. In quick, hard words he described what had happened to Bundy and to Steve. He begrudged every second needed for writing down his message. He gave them Steve's home

reassured her. "You'll be all right. I'm going to be busy for a long time. Mrs. Gillam with you?"

"No. She called a while ago to say she was eating at Simpson's and going to a movie."

"What movie?" "Heavens, I don't know. What does it matter?"

"I want to get hold of her to ask if Bundy went to that Red Cross class she attended this afternoon."

"William, is Bundy—all right?" "No, she isn't."

"Oh, you don't mean she's—she's—"

"We can't find her, Aunt Olive. Don't stop me, for the love of heaven. I'll tell you about it later. Don't wait dinner. I don't know when I'll be in." He hung up in the midst of her protests.

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Sept. 23, '44.



Beauty Specialists' Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

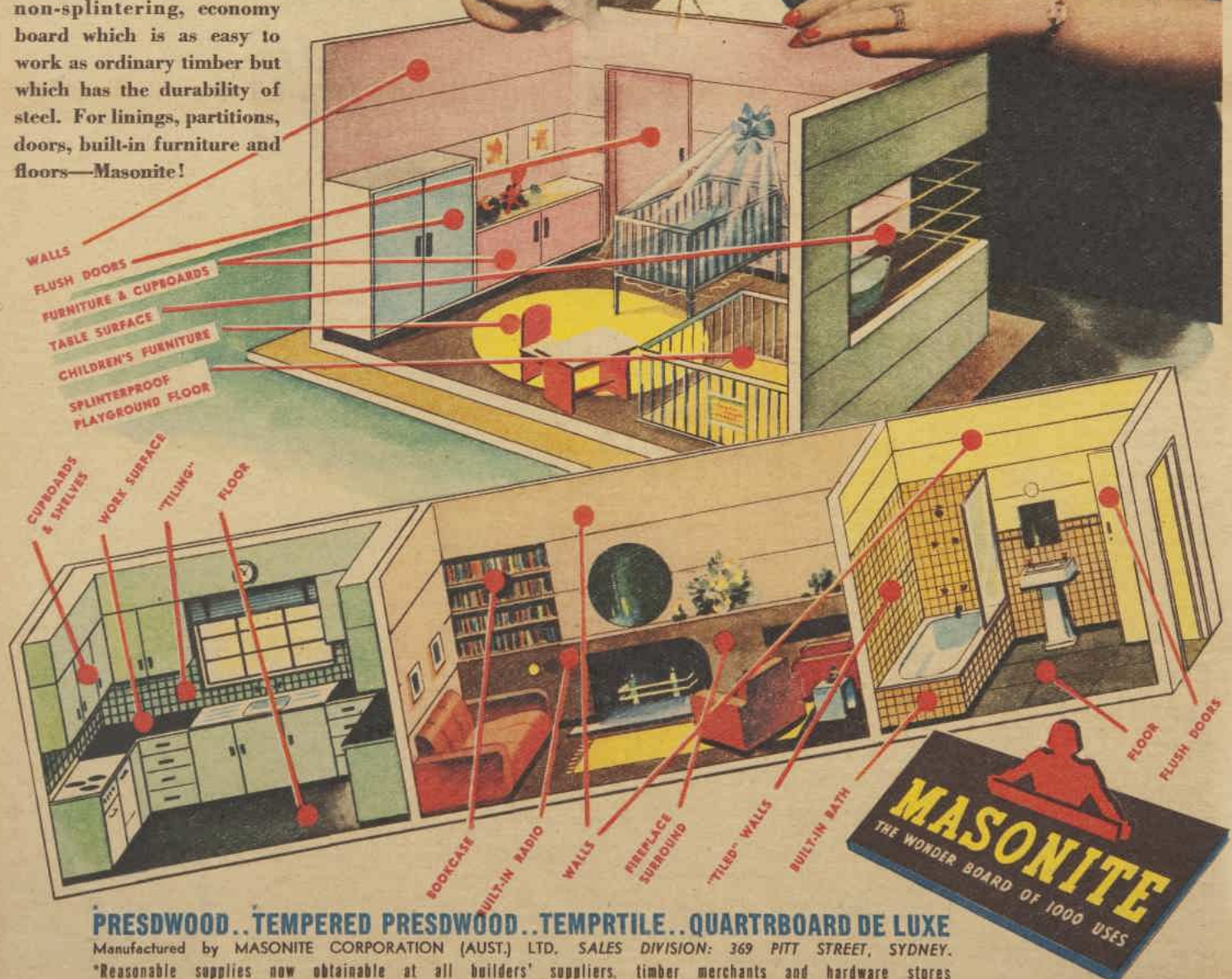
Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add a small box of Orlon Compound and a little perfume. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off."

"Inside" Story OF A POST WAR HOME

With her mind's eye every woman in Australia to-day can see her "after-the-war" home. All through the war years she has planned it, mentally perfected it, longed for it.

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New York bewildering to war-weary Londoner



SHOPPING scene in New York. A visitor from England after the years of rationing in England finds the abundance of clothing bewildering.

Found bright lights alarming after five years of blackout

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON
who recently flew to New York from London

The gaiety and crazy tempo of life in New York after the earnestness of war-weary London is like some wild dream.

It is such a swift journey by air from London, where the population has been reduced to working, eating, and seeking sleep in shelters, with no thought of enjoyment, that to come into New York's brightly lit streets, to see smart women in restaurants, to get caught up in Broadway's surging crowds, is like stepping into some strange and terrifying new world.

EVERYTHING seems unreal. The shops with extravagant window displays, the abundance of lovely clothes and jewellery, the well-stocked grocery stores and delicatessen shops just bursting with tins and fancy goods, are too overwhelming to be approached with any assurance.

I felt strangely timorous about asking for goods displayed, almost as though they were dummies—as they so often are in England. I felt incredibly shabby in my three-year-old English tweeds—and very hot, too, for it is the middle of a heat-wave—and for no reason I can account for a little apologetic.

Though I had pictured myself caught up in a whirl of New York life, living and loving it, I found I didn't want to lift my eyes to bright lights, that the softest music was too loud, and that only the dimmest corners in restaurants were inviting.

I jumped when motors hooted, and buried my face in my hands when the screech of traffic in a rising crescendo brought back all the horror of robot bombs.

For all its beauty, its stimulation, and its scintillation, New York, to my war-weary mind, was just something of a nightmare.

And I was not alone in feeling I wanted to re-create the horrible blackout conditions and live in dark corners away from bright lights.

I met returning members of the R.A.F., boys who had done two tours of operations over Germany, who confessed to feeling a little hesitant about going up to the top of the Empire State building.

These boys, who had faced death nightly over the Ruhr and never shown the least strain, looked tired and wan after a night of hitting the high spots here.

It was strange and bewildering. I have beside me a list of all the things English friends asked me to send them from America.

It seemed a formidable list when I left, and it was made out with many apologies.

Now, surrounded by the lavishness

and luxury of New York stores, it is very simple.

There's something pathetically brave in its simplicity, and I have to keep reading and re-reading it to remember just how much each item means to my friends.

This list, ranging from hairpins to tin-openers—taking in stockings, of course—is the very spirit of self-sacrifice of those British women I have left behind who have uncomplainingly given up everything, from their men, their homes, to their lipstick; who have turned to factory lathe and the Armed Services, and who have stuck to their jobs in and out of blitzes.

I have read the list, and feel proud that I was privileged to live five years with them; to share their war work and their burdens; to grow to know and understand the character of people, who, with no morale builders, could take it for so long.

I was the envy of all when I left for a short visit to the United States, and I found it hard to break, even for a short period, the tie between myself and those women who had carried the burden on the domestic front.

But I came to the United States to find I was again the

subject of much envy, for there is scarcely an American woman who wouldn't gladly have changed places with me.

I find that they, too, have made their sacrifices, have given up nearest and dearest, and I find it is somehow harder to bear separation when life flows along its normal channels.

With loved ones suffering far away, distance seems almost unbearable, and women here have to go about their work with lonely and very heavy hearts.

The kindness and sympathy of American people must surely be a perfect antidote for war nerves.

After a week or so of their hospitality I had readjusted myself, and was able to work and share their lives, just as I had shared that of British women.

I grew to understand the American woman, to see the depth behind the glamorous facade.

There are many human problems here, many war burdens to be car-



THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK, looking south from the Empire State building toward the downtown skyscrapers. Anne Matheson, fresh from London's blackout, could not quickly accustom herself to the brilliant lights.



BURNING BUILDINGS in London were the only street lighting Anne had seen for five years. Since she went to New York London's blackout has been partly relaxed.

ried by women, and their sacrifices are just as readily made.

Generous almost to a fault, American friends as soon as they saw my list filled up my trunks with presents to take back.

And it wasn't items easily bought that came first, but pre-war stocks they held.

Such luxury touches as "Shocking," the Schiaparelli perfume, olive oil, even a pair of nylon stockings (and not off the black market, where they sell for £3 a pair).

There are many shortages in America, though compared with Britain and Australia the shortages are hardly worth mentioning.

Food plentiful

THERE is no silk or good wool, linen, or cotton, for rayon has taken the place of every material. Leather has gone to equip the Army, so shoes are couponed—one coupon a year.

Meat, butter, and cream are rationed.

Still, housekeeping after Britain can be fascinating here.

Firstly, there are at least a dozen different kinds of delicious bread from rye to Swedish and—joy to those who hate cutting the bread—it comes cut and wrapped.

Chickens (fowls to us) come boned, so there are no carving difficulties, or pieced for frying.

Meat is dressed most fancifully, but hasn't the appearance of good English roast beef or Australian leg of mutton. It's nice to know what you are buying.

The butcher's shop is the same as the grocer's. He has a counter next

to bread, vegetables, fruit, milk, and eggs.

As everything is tinned or wrapped there is no waiting.

You walk round the shelves selecting a variety of tins and cartons. These come in all sizes, from an ounce packet of cornflakes for one breakfast, to two-gallon tins of oil for cooking.

Vegetables are frozen in cartons, as is fruit, and even chickens.

Eggs are sold firmly packed in boxes, and bacon in tin strips lying neatly between greaseproof paper.

With fruit so abundant and flowers so scarce, fruit is used for table decorations as well as dessert.

I still find my head working like a comptometer, adding up what a bowl of fruit would cost in Britain.

Two dollars' worth of fruit—peaches, nectarines, bananas, oranges, plums, and a bunch of grapes—would cost at least £10 sterling in London, with peaches 7/6 to 10/6 each, grapes 25/- a lb., and nectarines 5/- to 7/- each.

Plums in season would be a controlled price and therefore reasonable, but bananas have not been seen for five long years.

Fashions on and off the Avenue are fabulous.

There is as good cut and fit in the five-dollar frocks as in the five hundred-dollar model, and styles are for the most part breezy and youthful.

Since elastic became scarce, corseting has suffered a severe setback, and figures are not what they used to be.

I would say that the Australian girl, for carriage and figure, could put it all over her American sister,

and I was debating this when I saw a film of 300 Australian wives of American soldiers who had recently arrived, which clinched my argument.

The American girl knows how to wear clothes, and particularly her hat. The choice of headgear is unlimited.

Topknots of flowers are very popular, and tiny skull-caps, in anything from crochet to bejewelled straws, for cocktail wear.

Napoleonic effects in light felt and fine straw have been popular for summer, while autumn fashions predict a return to the Gay Nineties and much beflowering and be-feathering.

The cost of dressing in America is proportionately high, for the cheaper frocks, though stylish, have no lasting quality.

To outfit myself, it cost more than 100 dollars.

The outfit comprised a foundation garment (25 dollars), alp, panties (seven dollars), basic black two-piece fable frock (39 dollars), a hat (17 dollars), gloves (seven dollars 50 cents), shoes (16 dollars), stockings (one dollar), a piece of costume jewellery (seven dollars).

That gave me a good all-round-the-clock outfit, and with an extra blouse at seven dollars 50 cents I was dressed for most occasions. For week-end wear I found little unrationed cotton frocks, shoes, and straw hats most inexpensive.

High wages

A WELL-CUT and styled linen two-piece suit was only seven dollars 50 cents, shoes two dollars 50 cents, hat two dollars, and cotton gloves 65 cents.

Handbags in linen or plastics run from a few cents to a couple of dollars, but leather bags are most expensive, and cost at least 22 dollars.

Against these prices and three-dollar hair-do's and dollar manicures must be balanced the wages, for New Yorkers wage scale is high, and typists earn 40 dollars weekly; a lift girl's wages are even higher.

In Connecticut the whole town turned out to look after the English wives and children of Anzacs on their way to New Zealand and Australia, while there isn't an hour of the 24 that hangs heavily on the hands of anyone on leave in New York.

As I look at my list now, realising how much each item means to those who have suffered, I have also to look at groups of lonely women who have most of these items in abundance, but whose hearts and ideals and sacrifices are at one with British women. They are most anxious that friendships born of suffering shall remain as an insurance for lasting peace.



ANNE MATHESON of our London staff, who is visiting New York.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON

LONDON'S blackout has been relaxed. The five-year-long strain is easing.

Just how severe this strain was, physically and emotionally, is revealed by our London correspondent, Anne Matheson, who in a cable on page 9 describes her arrival in New York.

She says she found the bright lights of New York terrifying. She found herself seeking the dimmest corners of restaurants, mistaking the sound of motor-horns for robot bombs.

Her state of mind is typical of what Londoners have had to endure.

Only now that the strain is relaxing, and the dark days begin to fade into a memory, will the people of Britain fully realise how much they have had to stretch their nerves.

By his aerial blitz in 1940, Hitler hoped to panic the British people into a swift peace.

The response was a more savage determination to resist him.

As a last desperate measure, he launched the hellish flights of robot bombs.

Londoners, their city once more battered and torn, have had to hold on grimly until the armies in France advanced and captured the launching sites.

It was a grim test of nerves.

But blackouts, blitzes, robot bombs never quenched the flame of London's courage.

Soon the Victory lights will blaze in the world's greatest capital. A free world will rejoice—and history will record that the defeat of the powers of darkness was made possible by the valorous spirit of the London of the blackout.

Airman's experience of robot bombing

Saved from injury by wardrobe door

During a week's leave in London on R.A.A.F. officer experienced several robot bombings and narrowly escaped injury.

He describes these in a letter to a friend at Deniliquin, N.S.W.:

I SPENT my leave in London—and what a leave! Had a swell time except for the buzz-bombs.

"I was walking along one of London's famous streets the first night I was in that city. It was just about dusk.

"A chap with me, an Aussie I had met, had lost both his wife and baby in the blitz. He was very jittery and was getting me that way too, although I had not as yet experienced the buzz-bomb, only heard explosions in the distance.

"Then a drone, coming from the east, warned us one was coming over.

"We stopped, and I was prepared to hear the thing go off in the distance. But the drone intensified, then a steady roaring left no doubt as to its direction.

"Buzz—roar—then cough—splutter! Right overhead.

"Boom! The blast blew out every window for blocks away.

"They are compressed air bombs, and specialise in blast. A horrible sensation when it hits you.

"Hot air seems to kick you in the pants, then draw you into an almost breathless embrace. All over in a split second, of course.

"They certainly won't make any difference to the outcome of the war. Just a battle against morale, I guess.

Glass everywhere

"We finally arrived at my friend's house in a London district.

"Poor me! What a night I spent. The blasted things were popping off everywhere.

"One after another they zoomed over until in the early hours I awakened to hear a big roarer coming. It was right overhead, then spluttered and stopped.

"I believe I lived all through my life in those few seconds. The wait seemed interminable.

"Boom! It fell four blocks away. Gilded, thank heavens, and blew in the windows on my side only!

"My room was covered with glass, but I wasn't hurt. Somehow I realised I was under the bed when it went off.

"Next morning I left and booked into an hotel, right in the centre of London. Somehow, as the immediate vicinity had not been touched much, I figured it was safe.

"The stress went on and off every day when 'buzzers' sneaked through and life was anything but dull. My hunch seemed to prove correct and none felt dangerously near my hotel.

"The whole week went by, and Friday, the last day but one of my leave, arrived, and 'buzz-bombs' were beginning to lose their terror as far as I was concerned. Then, about 11.45, I had just removed my overcoat from the wall wardrobe and had my hand on the door to go out into the passage when, without warning, boom!

"Up to date the 'buzzers' had always given me warning. This was a glider type which cuts out and glides fair distances.

"By chance, I had left the wardrobe door open, and this saved me, judging by the glass embedded in it. My room was littered with it and once again I experienced that horrible blast. More severe than that first night.

"I felt as if I had been hit from all directions with padded sledgehammers, then suspended for a split second in a vacuum. I rushed

along the passage, but couldn't see a thing for thick green dust.

"For a moment I panicked and stumbled for the staircase. I thought Hitler and his thugs were finally using phosphorine gas. As it didn't burn I recovered, and then bumped into a chambermaid in a heap on the floor.

"She was O.K., only scared out of her wits.

"What chaos! Doors were lying either burst outwards or drawn inwards. Locks shaved off by the force. In one instance the whole door jamb had been blasted out, leaving just a jagged brick opening.

"I hurried out the side door to step on to a street covered with rubble. A squadron-leader was organising things.

"A huge crowd had gathered and were trampling over masonry under which injured were buried.

"The S/L called me over and then he organised all the servicemen in the vicinity.

"A French doctor was quickly on the scene.

"Despite the damage, serious casualties are always surprisingly light. Those unfortunates who had received the full blast were in bad shape.

"The doctor waved to me and said 'Sautier,' or something like it. I could see he wanted the man he was pointing to removed in a hurry.

"One look was enough. His jugular vein appeared to be severed. No ambulance had arrived, but an N.P.S. truck with its pump in tow came nosing over the debris.

"I yelled out to the driver, and in a jiffy they had that pump away and the chap on board.

"The doctor patted me on the back and beckoned to me to follow him, babbling away.



NURSES AND PATIENTS at an Australian general hospital, near Port Moresby. Seated are Sisters M. Milner and H. Keurey, Capt. Cumpston, Sisters M. McCrum and F. Weir. Sent by Mr. G. Echberg, 24 Bertram Street, Burnwood, Victoria.



DRYING OFF. Airmen in New Guinea drying off after a swim. Back row: LACs Shipp (Launceston), Griffin (Melbourne), and Reeves (Corral, N.S.W.). Front row: LAC Moir (Fivebuck, N.S.W.), Cpl. Beverley (Bondi, N.S.W.), and Clingham (Goulburn, N.S.W.). Sent by Mrs. D. Beverley, 134 Ramsgate Avenue, North Bondi, N.S.W.

"Fortunately, ambulances began to arrive, and my job was done.

"My spick-and-span uniform was covered in dust and grime, and I had a luncheonette, meeting my lass at the club. Can't mention any name, as to where.

"I was over an hour late, and the girl was wondering where the devil

I had got to. Well, she was still waiting, and as it was late, suggested a restaurant a block or two up the street.

"I had only got my coat tails inside the door of the restaurant when—boom!

"Without warning another went off only a block away, in the same street. Everything shook, including me.

"The club got a pasting, and along where we had been walking only a minute before, the full blast.

"The girl was scared stiff. Only the Saturday previous she had been bombed out of her home. They had to dig her from under the staircase.

"She was staying with one of the organisers of the club, and was almost hysterical in her fear that her hostess had 'gone for a Burton'.

"Back we went through all the debris, with the casualties very evident, and finally reached the club.

"All the glass had gone, of course, but the building was intact.

"The hostess was O.K. Only one Aussie was hurt in the club—a cut head. They were all in a shelter.

"I must have looked jittery. Anyway, I was covered in dust and dirt again, when the club hostess asked me if I would care to stay with her that night.

"I accepted with much thankfulness, and journeyed twenty miles out of London to a beautiful peaceful suburb.

"I slept like a top until about dawn. Then boom!

"A buzz-bomb fell about half a mile away and got the only hospital in the district."

THE letters you receive from your men talk in the lighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

What's on your mind?

Health check-up

IN the interests of health and the prevention of disease, why isn't it made compulsory for every individual to be medically examined once a year or every two years?

If caught in the early stages many diseases are easily cured. Yearly medical examinations would alleviate much suffering. "Bethel."

Sydney.

Waistband shirts

WHY doesn't someone manufacture waistband shirts for men similar to the navy-blue ones worn by tramway men?

They are smart and comfortable and made in a good washing material, not too tight in color. They would be sensible wear for hot days.

Mrs. O. R. Tubb.

Adamstown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mothering a family

THOUSANDS of Australian working-class wives must have been amused by the article by Colina Budd, a mother of four children (28/9/44), who seemed to imagine that by running her home single-handed in wartime she is doing something really big.

Has this writer, obviously a person of reasonably good means, ever paused to consider how much harder her task would be if she were obliged to struggle in a poorly equipped home and with insufficient means?

And does she realise that there are plenty of wives with the same standards of child care and graceful living whose means have never allowed them the luxury of domestic help? Many of these are succeeding in keeping up their standards.

Most women will agree with me

that no Australian housewife has real reason to complain of her lot.

I would suggest to the writer of this article that she considers the possibilities of friendly co-operation between friends and neighbors in regard to the exchange of children's clothes and occasional child-minding. Also that she appoints a certain time every day for rest and a little beauty care for herself and her clothes, and that she cultivates her resource and ingenuity to a greater degree.

"Also a Home-maker,"

Castlereag, Koloraine, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but preference will be given to letters with which full signatures can be published.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and enquired letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 20: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, September 21 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reece presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, September 22: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Radio Charades."

SATURDAY, September 23: Goodie Reece presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."

SUNDAY, September 24 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, September 25: Goodie Reece's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, September 26: Musical Alphabet.

Play pays tribute to France

"Day of Glory," the Macquarie play for Sunday, September 24, at 8 p.m., has been written specially as a tribute to France by Richard Lane.

THE title is taken from a line in "The Marseillaise"—"The day of glory has arrived."

It was with these words that General de Gaulle gave the people of France his message of liberation.

Lyndall Barbour and Peter Finch have the starring roles.

The story tells of the people in France through two central figures, Georges Marchand, owner of a gay and cosmopolitan cafe in the Champs-Elysees, and Christine, a woman gambler who frequents the cafe.

For his final scene the dramatist chose the Thanksgiving Service in Notre-Dame, when an attempt was made to assassinate General de Gaulle.

Here he found ready-made drama in a happening which war correspondents described as "a queer, crazy scene of modern war in a medieval setting."

The shots in the Cathedral, the mingling of gunpowder and incense as the great congregation, led by General de Gaulle, rose to sing "Te Deum," will long be remembered in the pages of history.

The presentation of "Day of Glory" will remind listeners that next day, Monday, September 25, the Spirit of France Exhibition will open at Farmer's Blackland Galleries.

FILM GUIDE

*** **Lifeboat.** Director Alfred Hitchcock, master of suspense, must have been in his element with this film. The story, written by John Steinbeck, deals with a group of survivors from a ship sunk by a German submarine. Outstanding in an excellent cast is Tallulah Bankhead's brittle newspaper woman; newcomer John Hodiak, suspicious seaman; William Bendis, a burly mariner who loves to jitterbug; and Walter Slezak, superb as the sullen German—Century; showing.

** **The Girls He Left Behind.** Dazzling technicolor, a neat array of stars, a spicing of comedy, and swing provided by Benny Goodman add up to bright entertainment, although the story is pretty thin. Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda head the cast, with Phil Silvers doing well in a comedy role.—Empire; showing.

** **Kniekerbocker Holiday.** This is a bright, escapist show, with plenty of attractive music. The theme revolves round a crusading newspaper publisher (Nelson Eddy). Charles Coburn supplies neat comedy, and newcomer Constance Dowling is attractive. You'll enjoy Carmen Amaya's gipsy dancing.—Olivie; showing.

Silver Spurs. In spite of Roy Rogers' popularity with the Western fans, Republic can hardly hope to get away with this trite film. Phyllis Brooks as the newspaper gal doesn't help matters.—Capitol; showing.



TO BE CONTINUED



SLEEPING. Taking refuge in Caen Cathedral, this elderly Frenchman falls asleep in the choir stalls.



RESTING. Frenchwoman resting on straw among all she could save from her home.



MENDING. In corner of Cathedral, which is her temporary home, woman settles down to mending.



DREAMING of a new to-morrow, this little French boy, wrapped in a salvaged blanket, sleeps on a bed of straw.

FRENCH CITIZENS - in the

HERE, in a magnificent series of pictures from France, is a poignant story of what happens to civilians when their country becomes a battlefield. Taken just after the Allies entered the city, the pictures show citizens sheltering in Caen Cathedral.

During the terrific Allied land and aerial bombardment which preceded the capture of Caen—1000 bombers dropped 6000 tons of bombs in one night raid—many French civilians were killed and wounded, and hundreds bombed out of their homes. But their spirit was unbroken, and they welcomed British troops with joy.



EATING. Mealtime for one of the families in a chapel in the Cathedral. On the altar are some of their belongings.



MOVING. Elderly couple loading a hand-cart with possessions before leaving cloisters for another temporary home.



SHELTERING. Refugees crowded together in nave of Cathedral. Left, adults and children prepare for night's sleep.



FORGETTING the horrors of the bombing in peaceful sleep, French people lie with heads pillowed against stone pillars.



COMBING her child's hair in chapel altar are salvaged crockery and bedclothes.



PRAYING. Finding new courage in prayers, this young Frenchwoman kneels before the altar.

the path of battle



MAKING-UP. With cosmetics and mirror placed on top of suitcases, young girl puts finishing touches to hair and make-up.



Chapel of St. Martin, which this French mother has made her temporary home. Piled on the altar. French Red Cross provided medicine and food for many bombed-out families.



COOKING. Building a brick fireplace within the precincts of the Cathedral, this elderly Frenchwoman cooks her evening meal.
—British Official Photographs.

BILL left Hod in the car. The policeman on guard was not encouraging. He answered the lieutenant's questions. Expertly chosen, trenchant points. Nobody was home in the four flats. They were rented by business people who came in late, left early. Bill didn't wonder.

The place was pitiful. Poverty lived here. No wonder Steve kept his home address to himself. If he couldn't support himself any better than this it was obvious he couldn't take on a wife too.

The telephone was in the wretched living-room. A terrific battle had taken place here. Chairs smashed, table broken, lamps overturned. But no blood. Bill was grateful for that.

"How's it coming, Officer?" he asked.

The man in charge made a grimace. "We had a little luck. The woman across the alley at the back claims she saw two people come out and get into a car in the shelter there by the kitchen door."

"When?"

"Just a couple of seconds after you talked to James, I guess. Near as we can figure it. We didn't get here till almost eight minutes later. Telephone people had trouble locating his address from his private number."

Bill went to look. The kitchen door opened into the car-shelter. Just a low roof with a vine-encrusted lattice side. It was very dark.

He said doubtfully, "I can't see how she could have seen much in this dark hole."

"Neither do I. And she didn't see much. Saw two people. Can't say whether they were men or women. One was supporting the other, almost carrying him. That must have been James, trusted up. She claims he seemed to have something wrapped round him. Anyway, they got in the car and were out of the alley in a matter of seconds."

"Was it Steve's car?"

"She doesn't know. Says his car

was usually parked there, but it was too dark to see, and she didn't keep looking. She was getting dinner for her husband. And she isn't the nosy type, anyway."

"Too bad."

"We sent out a call to all cars to look out for James' car, but it took a while to make sure of his licence number. Nobody remembered exactly what color and make it was, either, till we got hold of one of the employees."

Bill drummed silently on a table. He was tormented by all the exasperating delays. But they seemed to have been unavoidable.

He used Steve's phone to call the police station. No, they had found no trace of Miss Peckham yet. Inquiries had been made at the drug-store where she was supposed to have bought the powder. But no one recalled having seen her. Some of the clerks had gone home. They would be interviewed to-morrow. These things took time.

"Time! Time! Bill hung up and stared wretchedly at the wall. That's what we can't spare. To-morrow, who knows what will have happened to her? Even now what was happening? He could see her face with its appealing mixture of timidity and trust. The wilful, gay gleam of her eyes. For a moment he covered his face with his hands.

"The officer said kindly, "You don't look very well, Lieutenant. Better look out for yourself and leave all the hunting to us."

"Yes. Thanks, I'll be okay."

Bill went out. Hod saw him stumbling through the yard and sprang out. "You ain't hurt or something, Lieutenant, ah you?"

"No. Drive to the police station."

Bill lay back against the seat, sick in body and mind. When Hod reached the police station Bill sent him in with a message about Chick, the derelict who had claimed that he could recognise the murderer if confronted with him. As he waited he could hear the sound of one of the big Diesel engines on the

train waiting in the nearby station. With a jolt he realised that was what he had thought was Steve panting. His flat was only a few hundred feet away.

Hod came out. "That Chick, he ain't head, Lieutenant."

"But I asked you to find where they're keeping him," Bill said curtly.

"Yassuh. Ah did that. He oval to the hospital."

Bill swore and forced himself out of the car. He found he could walk and went into the station.

The police were confidential with the lieutenant. They had found the prisoner Chick writhing in his cell an hour ago. On the floor was scattered a box of chocolates. Nobody knew how they had been smuggled to him. It was being investigated. But it would not have been hard to manage. The police had rushed him over to Mound Park Hospital. Nobody could see him except the doctor who was fighting for the man's life.

Bill called the hospital. Received the unsatisfactory assurance that he would be called if the man could possibly be interviewed. He was suffering from convulsions. The doctors were not hopeful. Bill stumbled to his car. His last trump had been played and he had lost. Hod drove him home at a tender pace.

As they reached the Paige drive Bill said, "Couldn't you spend the night in the garage in my car, Hod? I might need you."

"Yassuh. Ah was just wonderin' how Ah could stay heah 'bout causin' no rumpus."

Bill found the front door locked. He rang. Mrs. Paige said timidly, "Who's there?"

"Your nephew."

The door flew open. "William!" she shrieked. "What did I tell you? You should have stayed home. You look terrible." With a little sob she tugged at his coat. "Darling, you're soaked. Wringing wet. Let me help you change your clothes."

"No. Let me 'lone." He dragged one heavy foot after the other. "You poor boy. Hurry. You're shivering."

"Quit nagging. Why the locked door?"

"I don't know. I—I suddenly got afraid here—all alone—with so many unpleasant things happening. The girls went home, and you had Hod."

"Where's Mrs. Gilliam?"

"That's another thing that worries me. She should be back from the movie."

Bill changed into warm, dry clothing. He sat in front of the fireplace sipping the coffee his aunt brought. He still felt groggy. His mind was damp with defeat. He had been called upon for help twice and had fallen flat on his face both times. His wound stung and ached. But far more painful was the galling blow to his pride.

Mrs. Paige smiled nervously with fond anxiety each time he met her eyes. But the grim fury on his face kept her from talking.

At last he asked, "Aunt Olive, did Mrs. Gilliam ask you to go to the movie with her?"

"Why—why, I don't remember. You always want to know the most irrelevant things, William. Why should that matter?"

"I could be wondering if you stayed home from a spree just on my account."

"Oh, I see. Of course not, darling. I would know you wouldn't mind. You seem so independent. But Abby and I feel the need of getting away from each other now and then. It's sensible. Keeps us from getting tired of each other."

"Humph."

"William, I—I know you don't want to be bothered, but—I can't stand it—not knowing what has happened to Bundy. Please?"

He knew she had to be told, however much he dreaded it. He brought her up to date with a minimum of emotion.

The color ebbed away from her cheeks. She became for a time an old, tired woman, sick of life's horrors.

She faltered, "Oh, darling—she isn't going to be—next. I mean—Oh, I couldn't bear it. I'm so fond of her."

"Don't. Please." Bill began to walk round.

He felt too sick to sit still. Now and then he rang the Peckham number. Mrs. Peckham was not at home. At least, nobody answered.

At eleven twenty-two the telephone rang. The policeman left on

Continuing . . . Murder In Tow

from page 7

guard at the James flat calling Lieutenant French. Stephen James' car had been found down near the end of the peninsula. Nobody in it. No, no blood.

"But there's the Bradenton Ferry. Two blocks away."

"The ferry. Oh, my lord, could he have been thrown into the bay from the ferry?"

"I don't know, sir. The ferry is pretty well lighted. The ferry people claim it would have been impossible—but of course they would say that, you know."

"I suppose so. Thanks for calling. Let me know if anything else turns up."

Bill went back to pacing the floor. The water clue seemed to connect Steve's disappearance with Peckham's. And Bundy, where was she? Bill shuddered.

Presently he heard a little whimper. He looked down. Myrtle was pacing behind him on her twiggy little stems. Now and then she gave a faint whine or put her nose to the door crack and moaned. She rolled frightened black eyes up at Bill.

Suddenly there was a curious sound at the front door. A sort of clanging and thumping. The little dog raced to the door, her claws clicking on the bare floor. She whined and moaned in a spasm of impatience.

Bill plunged into the hall, followed by Mrs. Paige. She turned on the outside light as he opened the door. Something propped against it slid and splattered horribly into the hall at their feet. Water ran from it in streams. Myrtle sprang, amazingly, to lick its face.

"Steve!" Mrs. Paige shrieked. "Oh heavens! It's Steve."

Bill tugged him in slowly. "Oh, William, he isn't dead?"

"Brandy," Steve whispered, Bill went for it.

"Steve, you're soaking wet," Mrs. Paige sobbed as she dragged him in enough to allow the door to be shut. "Oh, you poor boy. Are you hurt? Where have you been?"

"Tampa Bay," Steve gasped. Bill came back with the brandy. He put it to Steve's purple lips. Steve choked, swallowed, sat up.

"Bundy?"

"Not yet."

He groaned. "Too late. Too late."

STEVE sat in front of the fire in a suit of Bill's, trying not to shake. He took a long, dazed time to answer questions. His lips were blue. He could only manage trembling sips of the coffee Mrs. Paige brought him.

Bill asked, "Do the police know where you are?"

"I don't know. Are they hunting for me?"

"Are they hunting for you?" Bill went out to the telephone. When he came back he said, "They're on their way. You'd better wait till they come before you tell what happened. You look as if you wouldn't last two tellings."

"I feel terrible. French, look. How did the police think of starting to hunt me?"

Bill said, "Why, you dope. I could hear that fight you had with someone over your telephone. Of course I called them. Fast."

Steve sighed. "Oh, yes, I'm groggy. Can't think very well. Seems a thousand years ago. Was it my car, I was taken off in?"

"Probably. It's been found."

The front door-knob rattled.

Mrs. Paige said, "Could that be the police? So soon?"

Bill went to see. Myrtle bounded round his feet. The opened door disclosed Mrs. Gilliam closing and shaking her umbrella. She put a key back into her bag.

"Sorry I had to bother you to let me in, William. But the door was chained. What's the idea?"

Mrs. Paige called from the living-room. "That you, Abby? I've been worried sick about you."

"I can't see why you chained the door then." Mrs. Gilliam was very cross. "Good gracious, I called and told you I was going to a movie."

She let Bill help her off with her coat. It was very wet, especially about the bottom. In the sleeve was a three-cornered tear. "Oh, get down, Myrtle. Stop jumping on me."

She took off her soaked hat as she went into the living-room. Just inside the door she stopped. Her hat remained poised in the air above her grey hair. Her eyes stared at Steve's drooping, half-conscious figure by

guard at the James flat calling Lieutenant French. Stephen James' car had been found down near the end of the peninsula. Nobody in it. No, no blood.

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Animal Antics

COMMON EEL

Anguilla Anguilla



"Stay away from him, dearie. He spells his name with an 'H'!"

the fire. For a full minute she didn't move.

Then she said quietly, "Is anything wrong? Mr. James looks sick."

Mrs. Paige explained about Steve and Bundy. Mrs. Gilliam remained standing. She said nothing.

Mrs. Paige concluded: "You see, Abby, we've been anxiously waiting to ask you if Bundy appeared this afternoon at your Red Cross class. She's in the same one you are, isn't she?"

"Yes. Why didn't you call the head of the Red Cross?"

Bill said, "Nobody could remember who's serving now. The police called the papers and got nowhere. That editor was off duty. Was Bundy there or not?"

Mrs. Gilliam said coolly, "It's unfortunate, but I didn't go after all. I wanted to see the exhibition of watercolors in the museum, so I stopped there first. It began to rain so violently I couldn't leave for an hour. By that time it was too late for the class. I'm sorry. But I'll call one of the women and find out for you."

She went out with a smile so de-derivative that Bill wondered about it all the time she was gone. In a few minutes she appeared in the doorway.

"I got a friend of mine who went to the class. She says Bundy wasn't there. I'm sorry. And if no one minds I am going to bed."

As she disappeared they heard the shrill whine of the police siren in the distance. Bill turned to his aunt. "You look awfully tired, Aunt Olive."

She smiled wryly. "I see. Well, heaven knows I don't mind being sent to bed. I've had enough for one day."

Bill went to admit the police in glistering slickers.

He said softly, "Steve's just about reached the limit. Better get all you can before he collapses."

The men nodded. "Hi, Steve. Where have you been?" the taller officer asked as they entered the living-room.

"In the bay," Steve's words came in jerks. "Was talkin' to French this evenin' on the phone. Guy must've speaked up behind. Yanked gunny-sack over my head. Gagged me. Took me off in car."

"Man or woman?"

"Could have been either. Seemed to know ju-jitsu. More tricks than strength. I smelled perfume. But men use it."

"Could you tell what car you were taken in?"

"Must have been mine. I left it right outside the back door in the shelter. And motor sounded like mine. They dumped me in back and tied me up. We drove a long way."

"The car was found near the Bradenton Ferry, pushed off the road into some bushes."

"Yes?" Steve nodded stupidly. "They left me in the car for a long time. I thought that was to be all. Wondered if anyone would find me in time. But after long while another car came. They put me in. Then we drove on to the ferry. I could hear people talk. Heard the water. Felt the boat wallow a little."

Steve's eyes closed. His head wove about. The officers exchanged exasperated glances with Bill.

To be continued

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Quarter-hour dramas highlighting the achievements which stand out in every great man's life.



2GB FRIDAYS 9-15 P.M.

The Macquarie Play...

"DAY of GLORY"

Dedicated to the Spirit of France



8 p.m. Sunday September 24 2GB

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

WITH the sun now moving from the sign Virgo into Libra, the coming weeks should bring pleasant changes for people born under Gemini, Aquarius, and Libra. Leonians and Sagittarians should benefit also.

However, those born under the signs Aries, Cancer, and Capricorn would be wise to guard against upsets, discord, losses, and opposition in their affairs.

Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians should make the best of the next few days in seeking advancement and gains, but Pisceans must live quietly.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 23 (early morning and late evening), September 25 (evening), and September 26 (10 to 2 p.m.) difficult. Dodge losses and upsets. September 19 and 20 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Speed important projects, but be cautious. September 19 (early afternoon) poor, midday 4 from 4 p.m. to midnight very good. September 21 and 22 tricky. September (evening) poor; rest fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): A confusing week, so act wisely. September 19 (afternoon) poor, rest helpful. September 20 mixed. September 21 (morning to midnight) helpful. September 23 to 25 tricky. Plan ahead.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Confusion possible now, so be cautious. September 19 and 20 poor. September 21 (sunrise to midnight) very good. September 23 (10 to 10 a.m.) good. Thereafter be cautious for several weeks. Avoid changes.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): September 19 (midday and 4 p.m. to past midnight) may be pleasing. September 21 (forenoon) to sunrise good. September 24 (forenoon) very poor, but dusk good. September 25 fair.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): September 19 (midday and evening) good; round 2 p.m. poor. September 21 (7 p.m. to midnight) excellent. September 23 (forenoon) good; then poor to late September 25. September 26 (to midday) poor; evening fair. September 27 mixed.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): September 19 (midday and dusk to past midnight) very good, but 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. poor. September 21 (sunrise to 11 p.m.) excellent. September 23 (morning and afternoon) very good. September 25 (forenoon) fair, then poor to late September 26.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): September 19 (to midnight) except between 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. good. September 21 (morning) excellent except between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. September 23 (morning) good. September 25 (morning) good, dusk fair. September 28 (to midday) poor, but evening very helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): September 22 (morning and afternoon) and September 24 (morning) treacherous, so be cautious. September 26 (forenoon) good. September 28 (to 2 p.m.) poor, but good after 4 p.m.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Confusion possible. September 19 and 20 difficult. September 21 (4 p.m. to 10 a.m.) poor, but 10 a.m. to midnight excellent. Dullie fully. Live quietly after September 23.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Opportunities possible now. September 19 (midday and from 4 p.m. to past midnight) good. September 21 (forenoon) good; evening poor. September 26 (to 2 p.m.) poor, but 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. good. September 28 (forenoon) poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be guarded in all matters on September 19 (afternoon) and September 20 (afternoon); also from noon on September 19 to 2 p.m. on September 26. After 4 p.m. on September 28 conditions are helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents its astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



On account of the rubber shortage I decided to do without a ball, never could hit them, anyway.



F3348

F3348—Very attractive day or night frock featuring a contrasting yoke and sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide, and 1½yds. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CONNIE"—Attractive blouse with twin pockets

The ideal blouse for morning, business, or sports. It is in rayon crepe-de-chine, a material that will wash and wear beautifully. Shades available: pink, blue, green, also white. Good length is allowed for comfortable wearing. "CONNIE" shows long, full sleeves into a neat wristband, turn-back tailored collar. Two pockets with centre pleat trim the bodice. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 23/6 (7 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/11 (7 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 15/7 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 17/11 (7 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage.

"ROBYN"—Feminine blouse in pastel tonings. Made also in rayon crepe-de-chine in blue, pink, white, and green, this chic little blouse for summer wear is available all ready to wear, or cut out only, ready to make up at home. Note shaped shoulder-yoke, turn-back collar, short, cuffed sleeves, and self-buttoned front. Good length is allowed for comfortable tuck-in. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 23/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 14/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage.

How to obtain "CONNIE" and "ROBYN" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3341—Smart, slenderizing, youthful frock for the matron. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2512—Attractive house coat for summer wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide, and 1½yds. 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

F3336—Youthful frock for the slender-hipped. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3373—A frock that will have instant appeal for the smart girl and woman. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3461—Expertly designed, tailored two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name, address, and State in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and coupons. * State age required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

F3326



F3273

F3461



Needlework Notions

FIVE-PIECE LAYERS

This lovely layette for baby comes to you with each pattern clearly traced on a light, all-wooden material named "Crescent" in cream only. This is a delightful material specially made for infant wear, and washes and wears for ages. The set consists of: nightgown, which has long sleeves and roomy skirt; frock with dainty bodice, full skirt, and short sleeves; carrying-coat showing a small collar to offset the neckline, shaped bodice, and full skirt; slip—ever-popular two-piece, to button on shoulders; bonnet with a dainty turn-back to frame the face. Each piece is traced with a small embroidery motif ready for working. Individual Prices (cream only): Nightgown, 11/6 (3 coupons); frock, 11/6 (6 coupons); carrying-coat, 13/11 (6 coupons); slip, 8/11 (3 coupons); bonnet, 3/11 (2 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage each article. Set Complete: £2/5/- (21 coupons). Plus 1/4% postage. When ordering, please ask for No. 322.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Major Richard Pollock, A.I.F., assists his bride, formerly Lieut. Joan Johnstone, A.A.M.W.S., cut their wedding cake with sword belonging to bride's father, Brigadier J. L. G. Johnstone, of Armadale, at reception at Forum Club after ceremony at St. Stephen's Church.



NAVAL BRIDEGROOM. Sub-Lieut. Peter Sturges, R.A.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Audrey Ardill, leaving St. James' Church, King Street. Romantic note when couple honeymoon at Westella, Katoomba, where they first met, when both were holidaying there.



FOURTH MARRIAGE for Mrs. Lawrence Byrne, with her husband, Major Byrne, leaving Brompton Oratory, London, after their wedding. Bride has been three times widowed. Her previous husbands were Mr. Ben Knowles Davies, Mr. Eric Shellar, and Mr. Leslie Walford. Her son, Leslie Walford (right) gave her away. Major Guy Bartlett best man.

Interesting People

A/M. SIR JOHN BALDWIN
on Burma front.

RECENT visitor to Australia. Air-Marshal Sir John Baldwin is commander of the famous 3rd



Tactical Air Force, which is defeating the Japanese in Burma. Sir John has built up unique air supply and air ambulance service. For nearly three months his aircraft main-

tained in field two divisions, and number of R.A.F. fighter and dive-bomber squadrons. In seven days flew in thousands of men, stores, mules, and ponies.

L/W. PAT TURNER
chief pilot.

DURING preparations for invasion of Normandy, English servicewoman Leading-Wren Pat Turner, 21, earned unofficial title of "chief Wren pilot" at British west coast port where she had job of piloting invasion craft up and down river near the port. Joined Women's Royal Naval Service four years ago.



DR. R. MACKIE

... obstetric research TO do six months' post-graduate course in obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.



young Sydney doctor Robert Mackie will leave shortly for U.S.A. He will also investigate latest obstetric methods for Commonwealth Health Department. For last three years has been with A.A.M.C., and served in New Guinea. On return will take up appointment as superintendent Crown Street, Sydney, where he was formerly pathologist.



COCKTAIL PARTY planned by Old Contemptibles' Younger Set to take place at Pickwick Club, on September 29. Mrs. A. C. Bond (left), with Peg Turner, Shirley McAllister and Flora Levitus discuss party plans at informal meeting. Proceeds are amenities for Old Contemptibles and their sons who are now in fighting forces.



LOVELY BRIDE. Lieut. Jim Petrie, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Margaret Edwards, only daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. H. G. Edwards, of Roseville, leaving Shore Chapel after ceremony. Dr. John Gunning and Elizabeth Moreshead attend couple.



PLANS DISCUSSED over morning tea at Pickwick Club when Mrs. F. G. Bevin (left) and Mrs. J. F. Allen, members of ladies' auxiliary of Royal Art Society, finalise arrangements for party to be held in galleries of the Education Department this Wednesday.

On and off DUTY.

MEMBERS of No. 2 Wing R.A.A.F. Air Training Corps vie with their commanding officers in thinking up novel ideas for "Best floral decorated table competition," which will be highlight of ball held at Town Hall on September 27. Proceeds of event will be used to construct recreation hut for A.T.C. camp at Avalon, and purchase of movie projector for camp.

ALL sorts of social functions for singer Marjorie Lawrence between her concerts at Town Hall. Meet her charming husband, Dr. Thomas King, and inquire whether lovely opal necklace which Miss Lawrence frequently wears is his gift.

I'm told that necklace is something of a family joke in King household. "Opals are my favorite stones," says Dr. King. "First time I escorted Marjorie out she wore her opals which I admired very much—so we jokingly say I married her for her necklace. However," he added, "you see she still wears it, and I plan to buy a bracelet and ring to match while we're here in Australia."

Not to be outdone by his wife's jewels, Dr. King confided in me that he intends to purchase opal cuff links and dress studs for himself.

CONGRATULATIONS on all sides for Marjorie Minter, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Minter, of North Sydney, when she announces engagement to Sergeant Gordon Page, A.I.F.



AIR FORCE WEDDING. Flight-Lieutenant Lloyd Maundrell, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Corporal Kathleen McLeod Brown, W.A.A.A.F., leave Newington College Chapel, Bridgeway, who returned recently after overseas service in Middle East, Malta, and Italy, has just received Air Force Cross.

INFORMAL family dinner party held at Vere Mathews, King Street, given by Sir Henry Braddon, and Lady Braddon, formerly Mrs. Violet Inglis, of Rose Bay, to announce news of their wedding which takes place week previously. Lady Braddon, now settled into new home, Rohini, Edgecliff, has chosen, I believe, her namesake color, violet, for decoration for bedroom.

ONE of the most excited people in Sydney this week is Mrs. H. A. Russell, of Bellevue Hill, when she receives telephone call from her daughter, Mrs. George Moore, from Melbourne, telling her that she and her husband, Acting Rear-Admiral Moore, R.A.N., who succeeds Rear-Admiral Multhead-Gould as naval officer in charge of Sydney, hope to arrive here next month. Their young daughter, Barbara, who is working with the Dutch Legation in Melbourne, and who is ex-student of Frensham, will come to Sydney with them.

COUNTRY interest when Bruce Wilmet, of Rotherfield station, Quirindi, marries Joy Watts, at Christ Church, St. Lawrence, Sydney, Joy, who was nurse at Quirindi District Hospital, has Bruce's sister, ACW Lorraine Wilmet, W.A.A.A.F., for bridesmaid, and Pilot-Officer Frank Payne, R.A.A.F., is best man.

IMMEDIATELY following wedding ceremony at St. Philip's, Lance-Corporal James Castley, A.I.F., and his bride, former Ruth Edwards, pay visit to bridegroom's father, Mr. A. H. Castley, at Scottish Hospital, where he is recuperating from illness. Couple then continue wedding festivities at reception at Ruth's home, Northwood, where lovely wedding cake, made by bride's aunt, Mrs. L. E. Knox, is cut.



TOPICAL PARTY planned by R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund Younger Set. Joyce Maddrell (left), Mrs. F. Clemens, and Mrs. W. F. McDonnell display poster executed by Margaret Mary Flynn for party at White City this Saturday night.

Joyce

The Ballet Trend...

"GISELLE" interpreted by Dorothy Stevenson and Myra North, of Borovansky's Australian ballet, and photographed by our staff photographer, Robert Cleland. Petrov's sketches show the ballet influence in fashions.



• Saucy velvet skull-cap bordered with hyacinths.



• This engaging pin-frock is a modern version of the enchanting costume worn by "Giselle."



• Offset your slacks with a pair of ballet shoes—they are comfortable and cute, but effective only if your ankles are slender.



• Revive a black felt hat with a flutter of grain ribbon streamers at the back—another notion filched from the ballet.



• A suave black dinner frock taken on ballet charm with the addition of filmy white net sleeves banded with flowers.

The Man Who Gets Cindy

Continued from page 3

AS she went out into the hall a froth of white which was Matilda floated down the stairs.

Matilda smiled nervously. "I hope I don't trip in this train. Wouldn't it be ghastly if I did? Cindy, now that the moment's come, I want to thank you for all you've done for me, and I hope it's your turn next."

She floated out and into the waiting car. Cindy followed, still in a daze, and woke up to hear the strains of the wedding march.

The minister began to speak. Cindy saw her mother fumbling for a handkerchief; she saw Matilda's blue eyes lifted to the minister, she heard Bob cough as if he were politely strangling. And suddenly, she, too, was seized with the melancholy of weddings.

"I'm cracking up," worried the sensible, dependable side of Cindy, "or maybe I'm just too tired."

She wondered how Maggie was managing in the kitchen, and her lips came together in a frown. And all at once she noticed that Jonathan was winking at her. A giggle rose in her and was abruptly stifled.

"Really," she thought, "I must be dithering like the rest of them." And she smiled brilliantly at Jonathan to show how all right she was. As they re-entered the house Cindy heard a tremendous crash from the kitchen. It sounded as if the waiter or Maggie had dropped a loaded tray.

Cindy wondered frantically what had happened, while everyone who could fight through to the bride kissed her. In the melee Cindy herself was kissed—by Jonathan.

Cindy said, "You've made a mistake. That's the bride in the white dress." She drew away from him. "I must go and see what that earthquake was all about."

"See here, what makes you think that was a mistake?"

Cindy's lips twisted wryly. "Really, Professor, I haven't the time to go

into that now. People are always hungry at weddings."

"You seem to think that nobody round here can do anything without you."

Cindy flushed. "That was a very unpleasant remark," she said. "But it happens that they can't."

Maggie stood at the kitchen door waving her hands.

She greeted Cindy with, "I suppose you've come to find out what that noise was. It was the waiter."

"What happened to him?" said Cindy and Jonathan together.

"Well, he went down to the cellar to get the ice-cream up. I sort of forgot to tell I'd already lugged the bucket up to the top step. If you'll look down the stairs you'll see him. He won't budge. He's been yelling he's busted an arm. And I've got a headache fit to kill me."

Cindy groaned. Jonathan descended the steps and returned with the waiter, who was holding his left wrist with his right hand and bellowing Gallic curses.

"It's his wrist," Jonathan said, mildly. "I don't think it's broken. I think it's sprained. In any event you're minus a waiter. If I were you, I'd send this fellow to a doctor, and I'd put Maggie to bed."

"That's just fine," said Cindy. "That's all I need. A hospital ward in addition to a wedding..."

"You're getting hysterical again. I'd like to know just why you're so wrought up about serving people some food. It seems to have a queer significance to you."

"Oh, the psycho-analysis again. Listen, if you really want to be helpful, please send him off to a doctor and take Maggie upstairs and drop her on to her bed. Two flights up and one door to the left."

"Oh, Okay, Major." And he courteously offered his arm to Maggie who was drifting as on a cloud through the kitchen.

He was downstairs again like a shot, and the party began in earnest. Jonathan was very industrious about filling plates. It seemed to have become something of an obsession with him. He shuttled back and forth, bumping repeatedly into Cindy, to satisfy his plate-filling mania. He carried off used glasses and brought back fresh ones. He urged everybody to eat and drink and be merry.

"Anything I can get you?" he kept asking everyone.

IT was Bob who said to Cindy, "What did I tell you? You can depend on Jonny for anything," in exactly the same tone he had once made the same remark about Cindy.

The time came for Matilda to cut her wedding-cake. The crowd gathered round the table. Cindy's throat tightened. Soon Matilda would be going away.

The cake was cut. Jonathan took over finishing the job.

"Here," he said to Cindy, "I'll do this. You get the little boxes."

"What little boxes?"

"The little boxes for the guests to take their wedding-cake home in. Do you mean to stand there and tell me that an efficient person like you has forgotten anything so important as the little boxes?"

"Oh, stop being absurd," said Cindy bewilderedly. "You make it sound a matter of life and death. I'll scream in a minute!"

"Scream anyhow. It'll do you good. As I remarked before, you're all tense."

"I got tense watching you being busy."

"Well, I couldn't stand by and watch a beautiful girl like you working her fingers to the bone..."

Cindy scrutinised his face carefully. It appeared serious, even sober. "I don't think," she said slowly, "that that was your motive—it was something quite different!"

He stepped back from her. He appeared crestfallen.

"You were trying to show me how ridiculous you thought I was."

He bowed his head. "No," he said penitently. "I was just trying to find out... Oh, here are some people wanting to sample your biscuits."

One of the guests cooed, "Oh, Mrs. Brant, where did you get these wonderful biscuits?"

Cindy's mother said with loving pride, "Cindy made them."

The appropriate rejoinder came

promptly. "The man who gets Cindy will certainly be lucky."

Cindy tried to smile. Jonathan said softly, "Oh, so that's it?"

And the guest rattled on, like someone interpolating a line in a rigid script: "As for you, young man, from the way you've worked to-day, you're going to make some woman a wonderful husband."

Jonathan waited until the guest was out of sight and then he threw back his head and howled.

"Oh, you poor darling!" he whispered. "So that's why you've slaved. Because you think you're not as pretty as Matilda, you had to show how good you were in other things." He mopped his eyes.

"You're not being very amusing," Cindy said, and suddenly two round tears rolled unbidden down her face. "Come," said Jonathan, taking her hand, "I didn't mean to make you cry. Besides, all these people are looking at us."

They went through the kitchen and Jonathan sat her down on the back doorstep. Cindy wept. Torrents.

"Go ahead," he said. "Cry all you want to. And when you get through crying let's both relax. I'm pooped. I never worked so hard on a case yet!"

"I'm not a case!" Cindy said shudderingly. "And you haven't found out anything at all about me. I didn't do this work to get a husband."

He sat up straighter. "You didn't?" Cindy shook her head. "If you're so smart," she quavered, "you'd see more than that."

He was silent for a moment. "I think perhaps I do," he said. "You wanted to be needed and loved."

Cindy raised her wet face. Her lips quivered. "Matilda even as a baby was so beautiful. And there was I, scrawny and sort of yellow and all joints."

"But you're no longer yellow and all joints," Jonathan said.

Cindy gave him a quivering smile. "You're the first one who's noticed it," she said, "or told me about it. You'd probably say I scared away the boys with my efficiency." Cindy's diaphragm contracted again. "Your handkerchief, please, Jonathan."

He handed it over. "Do you know," he said gently, "that the reason I went into my field was that I was just as lonely as you were?"

"You were?" Cindy gulped. "Then you understand?"

"I understand. Well, let's both sit here and dangle our hands. Now that I've found out what you're really like, I think I'd enjoy dangling your hands round my neck, when you find the strength."

Mrs. Brant found them there very much later.

"Oh, Mr. Harkshaw," she fluttered. "I don't know what Cindy would have done without you."

"She'd have become a maiden aunt," Jonathan said remorselessly.

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Popular film heroines



● OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, Warner Bros. star, poses in pensive mood, but in her next film, "Princess O'Rourke," she displays an exceptional flair for comedy. Robert Cummings is her leading man in this film. Olivia is "unofficially engaged" to former director Captain John Huston, now in the U.S. Army. (Above.)

● JANET BLAIR, vivacious, blonde Columbia star, was first discovered by a Hollywood talent scout when she was the vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's band. After completing "Once Upon a Time" with Cary Grant, Janet went on an entertainment tour of American Army camps. In private life this attractive star is Mrs. Lou Busch, wife of U.S. Army sergeant. (Top left.)

● LARAINE DAY is now working on the MGM film "The WACS," with Lana Turner. Her spare time is spent putting on shows at her own little theatre to aid the Red Cross, and she has made several first-aid films which she shows free of charge. Laraine is the wife of Ray Hendricks, aviation instructor. (Left.)

Movie World

The Science of Life Books

This unique series of little books is the first systematic attempt to put before the people of Australia, in simple terms, the amazing developments in the new science of preventive medicine that is sweeping America and Britain.

This new science puts its emphasis, first, upon understanding the causes of human ailments, and the principles necessary to avoid them.

Secondly, it shows how a better standard of good health may be achieved by the new science of nutrition, thus arming one with a natural resistance to infection and disease.

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The following are some of the Science of Life Booklets which deal with these new principles of health (2/- each or 2/15 posted):

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3. Vitamins Work Wonders! (This booklet tells all that you should know about vitamins.)
4. Physiology Without Tears. (Tells, in simple terms, how every organ functions, and what is required to keep it working efficiently. Also outlines the main principles for the treatment of common ailments in general.)
5. Constipation—Cause and Cure.
6. Gastric Disorders, Colitis, Indigestion, etc.—What Scientific Diet Can Do.
7. Rheumatism—Modern Medical Science's Approach to an Old Problem.
8. Kidney Diseases—The Successful New Treatment by Diet.
9. Cataract—Modern Dietetic Treatment is the Answer.
10. The Common Cold—How to Increase Your Immunity.
11. Liver Troubles, Gall Bladder Trouble—How They Respond to Scientific Treatment.

Every home should also have—
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The Science of Life Meal Chart ... 3/6
From all leading booksellers, newsagents, or from—

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Box 4397, G.P.O., Sydney

YOU

could even have your choice," Mr. Glick said. "Tampa, Miami—either would do. Whatever you want. The idea is to promote terror and confusion rather than do any damage."

Tarrant was silent. He was frightened at the thought that had come to him: if a thing like this happened, it might scare them enough to use men like himself. "To-night?" he heard himself say in a dry voice that almost cracked.

"To-night," Mr. Glick said, heavily pleased. "We have everything here for it. You will do it, then?"

The pause in Tarrant's mind seemed long to him. To the lieutenant and Mr. Glick it was a hardly discernible hesitation. Then Tarrant shrugged. "Why not?"

"Good," Mr. Glick said, slapping his knee. "I know how soft you Americans are. We won't even require you to bomb the houses and people. Only, say, the outskirts, the suburbs."

Tarrant nodded slowly. The lieutenant rose. "I'll get my men to work on the bomb releases and racks now," he said. "Doubtless you will want to get some sleep. But when you have slept, you might like to see the inside of my boat, knowing your interest in mechanical things. Or would you be shocked?"

"I'd like to see it—later," Tarrant said. He turned away from the lieutenant and Mr. Glick and lay down in the shadow of the conning-tower. It was late afternoon before the lieutenant and Mr. Glick roused Tarrant.

"The plane is ready, Mr. Tarrant," the lieutenant said. "And now I will show you through my ship, if you like."

In the control room, Tarrant came

wide awake. Its complicated machinery was a joy to see. They went through the cramped quarters of the crew and into another bunk-room that had been turned into a sick bay. Doctor Cawthorne looked up silently as Tarrant passed. His face drawn by weariness, the doctor looked not unlike some meek animal, a frightened mole in a steel burrow. Tarrant felt sorry for the wounded, whom the lieutenant passed by without noticing.

In the next room the torpedoes lay in great racks. "You will notice," the lieutenant said, "that there are no war heads on them. We keep two different kinds of war heads, one for ordinary merchant or war vessels, another kind for tankers. The war head for tankers has an incendiary element in it, so that we can be sure of the oil lighting. Then when the survivors report back that some of their shipmates die in the flaming oil, it has a discouraging effect upon other seamen."

"Very interesting," Tarrant said. Above, on the rounded deck, it seemed more than ordinarily good to breathe the upper air again. The sun was down below the top of the mangroves and the doctor, a huddled figure in white, sat in one of the plane's four seats. Looking at the plane, Tarrant saw that six 50lb. bombs were fitted snugly into racks, and he didn't doubt but that some adequate wire arrangement terminated near the controls.

Unsteadily, as though very tired or a little drunk, Tarrant made his way to the cabin along the wing. Behind him he could hear the lieutenant and Mr. Glick talking in German. There was a kind of joyous note in their voices. Tarrant, who grew impatient where he and the doctor sat silent in the plane, called to Mr. Glick that he would like to take off before dark.

"Coming," Mr. Glick said. He shook the lieutenant's hand and came out along the wing with surprising spryness.

The controls for the bomb releases were simple. You merely pulled any one of six wires, one for each release. When they were in open water, the sun still showed at the sea's edge and Tarrant took off into the wind. He banked, circling, to get the sun behind him and out of his eyes. The tension in him was scarcely bearable. He straightened out, the sun behind him, put the plane into a shallow dive, and began his bombing run.

It was one of the old dreams, himself at the controls of a great bomber, making his run over a giant enemy battleship. He could see the submarine only partly hidden by mangroves.

He braced himself for some sort of violence from Mr. Glick, but Mr. Glick apparently didn't know what was happening and had turned to the doctor. And so, without bomb sights, without bombardier, Tarrant made his blind bombing run.

The plane's nose obscured the submarine as he came over. Tarrant played on the release wires gently. He felt the plane bounce in a series of light jerks as the bombs came free, and he zoomed upward as sharply as he could. In the dusk the bombs going off had varied tones. But those two booming ones, like giant drums bursting—those had struck home.

Tarrant banked and could see the wreckage. He wanted to see it because he knew it might be his last sight. And still Mr. Glick did not grow violent. Tarrant headed his plane east as he levelled, and, finally, Mr. Glick said, "I am not too disturbed, Tarrant. And, of course, I am going to kill you. But not because I am disturbed at what has happened to my people. That sort of thing has to happen and we do not care for people. One thing only, Tarrant, why did you do it?"

"I don't mind telling you," Tarrant said. "They were clear of Cape Sable now, and heading out over the Caribbean. 'The thing that changed me, that made me change—the lieutenant became a little too untruthful about the men who died in the oil.'"

"I see, I see," Mr. Glick said. His voice still had some of the appearance of urbanity, of falsely academic interest, but his temper was beginning to go. "And now, Tarrant, you can turn back to land."

"Maybe I don't want to," Tarrant said.

"Then I'll kill you now instead of then."

Grudge Flight Continued from page 5

"And who will fly you back to land?" Tarrant said.

Mr. Glick hesitated. "Very clever, Tarrant," he said. "But I am content. I will wait. In a little while you will head back to land and then I will tend to you."

"In a little while," Tarrant said, "there won't be enough gas to go back to land even if we wanted to. Your friends didn't more than half-fill my tanks. You don't think they could have been chiselling on you, do you?"

Mr. Glick was silent, and this contributed to Tarrant's grim humor. It was something even to have made Mr. Glick shut up. "Well," Mr. Glick said, "we will see who breaks first," but almost immediately followed it with: "Supposing I promise not to kill you when we land, Tarrant?"

"Throw your gun out the window, and I might believe you."

"But then I would be at your mercy, wouldn't I?" There was a note of hysteria in Mr. Glick's voice. "No. We Germans are fatalists. It will give me pleasure to have you die before I do. And so—"

Dull light flashed in the cabin's reflection in the windshield and Tarrant involuntarily ducked. Mr. Glick made a noise in his throat and fell against Tarrant's shoulder. Blood from Mr. Glick's head spilled on Tarrant's leather jacket. Tarrant saw the doctor crouched in the semi-darkness, in his crumpled white, the metal fire extinguisher in his hands.

"Why, thanks, friend," Tarrant said. He considered again how amazing it was that he and Mr. Glick had continued to forget about the doctor.

The doctor sobbed and finally spoke, "I didn't mean to kill him."

"You had to do something," Tarrant said. He felt himself start to go a little—felt aimless.

"But up until what you said about how the men who died in the oil changed you, I didn't much care about what happened. Then it suddenly became important to live. Human life had never seemed very important to me. I came out with Glick to-day because I needed the money. I hope you won't tell—"

Tarrant shrugged Mr. Glick's head off his shoulder. "If we get rid of that, we both might avoid considerable embarrassment."

Tarrant banked the plane to fly west again. Banking, it was easy for the doctor to roll Mr. Glick out the window. Then they were both silent as the plane flew toward the mainland. With sudden insight,

Tarrant could see how sad and terrible the doctor's life had been.

"Look," Tarrant said gently, "would you feel better to know that you behaved very well to-day? Better than any of us? You at least were going to help sick people."

"Why, why, yes," the doctor said in a surprised voice. "Thank you, thank you very much."

He should thank me, Tarrant thought and shook his head in the semi-darkness. His thumb came up near the stick in a gesture whose drama was for himself alone. If they got back, and he thought they would, he would do something, even if it meant enlisting as a private in the ground force.

After to-day, he knew there was no time for the wrong kind of pride. It would be a long time before that kind of pride was in him again. He wondered if they might be shot at coming in to land, and whether the F.B.I. would catch up with him. He didn't much care; there was always the wreck of the sub, to show them if he had to. The plane flew north-west and just when Tarrant saw there wasn't much gas left, he could see the dimmed lights of Miami pale against the night sky.

(Copyright)

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1 **AFTER** final performance in vaudeville, Louie (Charles Butterworth) and "The Three Wests"—Tony (George Raft), Kitty (Grace McDonald), and Nick (Charley Grapevin)—try burlesque, but fail, and go their separate ways.



2 **IN HOLLYWOOD** Tony meets dancing star Gloria (Zorina), becomes her partner, and eventually her husband. Their dancing is a sensation, but Tony is unhappy because he is rejected for service in the Army.



3 **TONY** decides he can help by entertaining the troops and forms the Hollywood Victory Committee.



4 **ESTRANGED** from Tony, Gloria refuses to ruin his plans by telling him she is expecting a baby.

UNIVERSAL'S "Follow the Boys" tells the story of the entertainment world's participation in the war effort. George Raft co-stars with ballerina Zorina.

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The catchy musical numbers are sung by Dinah Shore, Jeanette MacDonald, Sophie Tucker, and the Andrews Sisters, and played by four top-ranking bands.

You will also see Orson Welles doing his magician's tricks with glamorous Mariene Dietrich; Spanish gypsy dancer Carmen Amaya; and comedian W. C. Fields.

First thing every morning!

Follow the Schumann routine—a teaspoon of Schumann's in a long glass of water.

SCHUMANN'S SALTS

MINERAL BLENDED



5 **AT SEA** on the first stage of their tour, Kitty breaks her promise to Gloria, and divulges to Tony that his wife is going to have a baby, and that that was the reason she was unable to come to the boat to see him off.

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

ANN MILLER
Columbia Star

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HOLLYWOOD LONDON

REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA: FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON, 107/109, 97/99, SYDNEY



6 **A JAP** torpedo strikes the ship, and all but Tony, who dies heroically, are landed in Australia.

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CHILDREN CAN COOK!



● Now then, boys and girls, show what you can do. All the best cooks in the world have been men and all the nicest girls in the world can cook.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

DON'T be too ambitious to begin with . . .

Go slowly and carefully, and the day will come when you can entertain your mother and father to dinner cooked by yourself alone, and can cater entirely for your next picnic or for that none-over-eighteen party.

It will be fun, too, to give mother a regular day out with good dinner smells greeting her at the garden gate.

Start this way:

KITCHEN MUSTS

1. Prepare all utensils before starting.
2. Carefully measure or weigh all ingredients before starting.
3. Check recipes carefully . . . ingredients and method.
4. Have hands spotlessly clean, and then use them in handling food.
5. Clear away as you work.
6. Cook by the clock . . . use an alarm clock if you are a busy or absent-minded person.
7. Prepare oven carefully, arranging racks in right position and allowing time for preheating:
Hot oven—Gas . . . 10-15 minutes
Electric . . . 20-25 minutes
Moderate oven—Gas . . . 7-10 minutes
Electric . . . 15-20 minutes
- Turn gas low when placing in dishes. Turn top electric switch out and leave bottom on low.
8. Try simple dishes first.
9. Serve daintily.

Note: All spoon measurements except liquid measurements or when stated as level are rounded, holding as much above the spoon as in the bowl.

ROCK BUNS

Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 2 dessertspoons dripping, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 3 tablespoons currants, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk.

Light oven and grease oven-slide or tray of patty-lins. Sift flour, salt, and spice. Rub in fat, using fingertips. Stir in sugar and currants. Beat eggs with fork, add milk, and stir quickly and lightly into the flour. If there is too much stirring the buns will be heavy. Using two spoons put mixture in teaspoon heaps on greased tray. Place in upper half of gas oven or wood stove, lower half of electric stove. Cook in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

APPLE TART

Six tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 3 dessertspoons dripping, 3 tablespoons water, 3 apples, 1 cup sugar.

Light oven. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in fat, using fingertips. Stir in water quickly and lightly. Turn on to lightly floured board. Divide in half. Handle as little as possible. Roll

one half to fit enamel or tin plate. Fill with sliced apples, peeled, cored, and sprinkled with sugar. Moisten edge of pastry with water. Roll second half of pastry to fit plate. Lift over rolling-pin and lift on to plate to cover apples. Trim edges with knife and pinch a frill. Brush top with milk or sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 20 minutes.

QUEEN PUDDING

Half pint milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon jam, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Prepare a moderate oven (325 deg. F.). Carefully crack egg on knife and break open, letting egg-white pour into one basin and then dropping yolk into another. Add milk and sugar to egg-yolk and also, if liked, a drop of vanilla essence or 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind. Grease a pliedish and place breadcrumbs in it. Pour milk mixture on crumbs. Cook in a moderate oven until lightly set, about 25 minutes. Cool a little, spread top with jam. Beat egg-white with a fork and gradually whip in the sugar, beating until it holds its shape. Pile on top of pudding. Place in slow oven until pale brown. Serve hot or cold.

LESSON FOR DAUGHTER . . . a simple routine can turn out delicious hot, spicy buns . . . See recipe on this page.

CHOCOLATE SHAPE

Half pint milk, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 drops vanilla.

Mix the cornflour and cocoa to a thin, smooth paste with a little cold milk. Heat the remainder of the milk and sugar. When hot, stir in the cocoa and cornflour paste, using a wooden spoon. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and simmer for two minutes over a very low heat. Add vanilla. Pour into a wetted basin or mould and place aside to cool and set.

PLAIN TOFFEE

One cup sugar, 1 cup water.

Grease small sandwich-tin or tin plate or prepare some paper pattycakes. Put sugar and water into aluminium saucepan and slowly bring to the boil, stirring. Do not stir after mixture comes to the boil. Cook gently and watch carefully. As soon as the mixture turns a pale straw color pour into prepared tin. Nuts may be sprinkled on top. Place in cool place to set.

HOT POT STEW

One pound neck of mutton chops or chump chops, 1 lb. potatoes, 3 small onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups hot water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Peel potatoes and onions and slice into about tin. thick slices. Place with meat in layers in a fairly heavy saucepan, sprinkling each layer of meat and vegetables with salt. Add hot water, cover tightly. Simmer gently over very low heat (use an asbestos mat under pan, if one is available) for 1½ hours. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

SAVORY MINCE WITH POTATO

One sliced onion, 2 cups diced potato, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 lb. minced meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Heat the dripping in a frying-pan. Add the onion and potato and cook over a low heat, stirring, until lightly browned. Add the flour, the water, salt, and minced meat, stirring well. Cook very slowly, stirring occasionally, for 20 minutes. Serve very hot sprinkled well with chopped parsley.

VEGETABLE BROTH

Two carrots, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 2 potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 cups water, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Prepare vegetables and pass through mincer. Add salt and water and simmer gently in a lidded pan until tender, about 15 minutes. Add

meat extract and parsley, and serve piping hot with bread cubes, tasting before serving, and adding more salt if necessary.

SCRAMBLED EGGS ON TOAST

Two slices of bread, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Heat the grill until red hot, lower heat and toast bread, turning to brown, and watching carefully. Crush crusts with handle of knife and keep hot. Beat eggs, milk, salt, and pepper in small saucepan. Add butter and cook over low heat, stirring well, until lightly set, about two minutes. Add parsley, and serve at once on hot toast.

SIMPLE GRILL

(Grilling is suitable only for tender meat, such as rump steak, loin chops, kidneys, cutlets.)

Four short loin chops, 2 lamb's kidneys, 4 small tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Light the grill and preheat until red hot. Curl the end of loin chop in fastening with a sharpened match. Arrange chops on grill with halved kidneys and halved tomatoes at edge. Place under red-hot grill and allow chops full heat for one minute each side. Turn chops with two spoons. Reduce heat to slow, and grill slowly for five minutes each side. The tomatoes need not be turned. Serve at once, very hot.



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"CORONATION," pink, outcurved, and "Thomas Patterson," the lovely maroon and silver incurved variety.

How to grow glorious CHRYSANTHEMUMS

• To those who wistfully say every autumn, "I must grow more of these gorgeous flowers next year," here's help.

THOROUGH preparation is necessary for quality blooms, because the chrysanthemum is a plant that hates disturbance and must be kept growing without check.

Old plants should be divided as soon as the basal growths are big enough to handle. These pieces usually develop good roots and make excellent plants if set out into well-prepared, fertile soil.

It is advisable to take a few of the sprouts, and, even then, only those from the outside. These will develop into strong, vigorous plants, and bear high-quality flowers. The central woody parts and sprouts should be discarded, as they are mostly exhausted.

Chrysanthemums must be out in the full light, where they can sun-bake to their hearts' content. This produces woody stems and moderately hard foliage—not soft, succulent leaves which tend to develop mildew, rust, and other fungous troubles in wet seasons.

The root system does not comprise a long tap-root, but consists of a

mass of fibrous roots, so that a deep soil is not necessary.

High-quality blooms can be produced on plants grown in soil 5in. to 6in. deep.

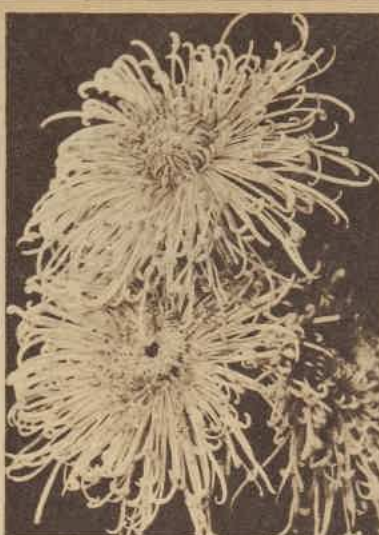
Such a bed can be raised on a hard bed or pan, even an old hard tennis-court, the impervious layer allowing the water to get away freely.

Beds can be about 4ft. wide, and in this two rows of plants can be set out. Space apart depends largely upon the varieties to be grown and whether the gardener is growing for quality or quantity.

If the plants are to be raised for exhibition purposes, allow 2ft. or more between the plants. If they are grown for display only, 15in. to 18in. apart is sufficient, with 2ft. between the rows.

The soil should be firmed well round the plants after setting out; as deeply worked, cool, damp and loose ground produces long stems, soft foliage, and may cause damping-off later on.

Place stakes in position before setting out plants and water and feed regularly, but never overdo either. —OUR HOME GARDENER.



"NORMA," yellow, spider-like chrysanthemum, is shown above. It's a gorgeous type, so decorative.



PURE WHITE "Louisa Pickett," grand champion Pickett type, grown by Mr. R. G. Kitchen, Lindfield, N.S.W.

BEAUTY HINTS

FOR health and beauty's sake sunbathe now on beach or in your own backyard.

IS your hair stringy, dull-looking? Massage scalp with good hair-tonic and brush nightly for beauty.

BE meticulous about your manicure, as you cannot camouflage nail-tips with enamel. Cream hands regularly to keep them satin smooth.

MAKE yourself over for your new summer clothes: Eat more salads, less sweets, and exercise the body daily.

LOOK after your feet. Remember that unhappy feet have the unhappy knack of reacting upon the face, giving you that painfully strained look which is, alas, so ageing.



ALLURE... Susan Peters, MGM star, affects this decorative hair-style for both morning and afternoon wear. She seldom wears a hat. The "blooms" are simply discs cut from pastel felts with serrated edges and pearl-bead centres. The petals are strung together with thread.

CUTEX MANICURE

Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of Cutex. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.



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- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
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- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL

BEST RECIPE

OLD ENGLISH ORANGE DROPS

Take 1 cup lard, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup milk, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 cup currants (soaked overnight in 1 cup orange juice), 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream lard and sugar, add egg, treacle, milk, and dry ingredients, and lastly the soaked currants. Mix well together, and drop small pieces about as big as a walnut on a greased baking-pan, and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

First Prize of £1 in our weekly recipe contest to Mrs. D. T. Paul, 20 Winifred St., Adelaide.

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Quiz.

What is the difference between a BANK NOTE under the Mattress and a BOND in the Bank?

Answer.

a BOND HAS COUPONS that bring you regular income

Without having to work for it, you get £3-5-0 for each year that you hold a £100 "Sixteen-year" Victory Bond; coupons are clipped off the bond every six months and the money is paid into the bank for you.

When the sixteen years are up, you get your original £100 back. In the meantime, you will have had £52 interest paid to you. So you get £152 for the £100 that you loaned to Australia.

You can take bonds for five years (at £2-10-0 per year for each £100) if you feel that sixteen years is too long.

If £100 is too much, take bonds for £10 or £50, as you can afford them.

Bonds can be sold at any time, if it is necessary.

Remember, when you buy a bond you INVEST your money in an "interest-bearing" security. Australia guarantees that the interest will be paid to you regularly and your original capital returned to you when the bond matures.

Your Bank will keep your Bonds in safe custody without charge and if you desire, will pay the interest direct into your account.



Bonds and Banknotes are both forms of money—both have "value" because they are guaranteed by Australia and backed by all our national resources.

A Banknote is used mostly for buying and selling things. It is worth the amount printed on the

face. It has no coupons that entitle you to income.

A Bond is usually left in a bank for safe keeping. The banker clips off the coupons every six months and pays the interest into the bank for you. Like a Banknote, a Bond is worth the amount printed on its face, and you get this amount back when the Bond matures. In addition, all the coupons that are attached to it represent additional money paid to you as interest.

It is this "extra money" or "interest" that gives you your regular income when you buy Bonds.

How to get an income from Bonds

Go to any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker; at any of these places you will get any help you need to complete the application form.

Bonds are issued for the following amounts: £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000.

Interest begins from the day you lodge your subscription.

So act now—put your money in Australia's safest investment; apply to-day.



If banknotes are burnt, stolen or destroyed in any way, you suffer a complete loss. A banknote does not pay you interest or give you any direct income.

